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GOVERNOR PINCHOT of Pennsylvania is looking into the future in his discussion of water-power rights. Governor Smith, of New York State, who has so often faced bravely forward, is looking backward when he expresses fear of Federal encroachment upon the rights of the States in this matter. To build up forty-eight separate little water-power systems in the United States would be as uneconomical and as disastrous as has been the erection of petty tariff frontiers throughout Southeastern Europe. It may be well, as Governor Smith suggests, to test the constitutionality of the Federal Water-Power Act, but if it be found unconstitutional another constitutional way will have to be found to develop the water-power of the country on a national scale. Secretary Hoover, who has just given another fine proof of his engineering vision in his recommendation that the government delay its large building plans to help tide us over some future crisis of unemployment, has glimpsed the prodigious possibilities of super-power in the future. Governor Pinchot, who points out that a great super-power zone already covers the Appalachians from Alabama to North Carolina, sees us on the verge of a new age, the "age of power." The old State barriers must not be allowed to hamper development in this coming age.

THE dreary search for a face-saving compromise on the question of the Ruhr continues. Neither side will admit defeat, yet obviously the occupation is costing France more every day, and in the long run the French people will not endure an expense which yields no profit whatever. Sooner or later France and Germany will have to sit down together and discuss a compromise. The Germans must realize that world opinion demands that they return to the policy of paying all that they possibly can; France must realize that world opinion will not excuse annexations, open or disguised, and will insist upon a business settlement upon a possible economic basis. Out of the crop of feelers and indirect negotiations must come the solution, and it will have to be a compromise, though we wish the German demand that the French retire from the Ruhr first could be won. Meanwhile, the occupation continues to conduct itself after the manner of military occupations all over the world. The Germans report that 455 newspapers in the Rhineland or the Ruhr have been suppressed for periods varying from three days to several months, and eighty-two editors and thirty-one publishers have been fined or imprisoned. Apparently our Government is treating the question of repayment of the expenses of our army on the Rhine as if it were utterly unrelated to the present unproductive occupation of the Ruhr. In its failure to realize the gravity of the situation it is followed by our American editors, for in a poll taken by the Spokane *Spokesman-Review* 239 out of 332 voted emphatic approval of the French invasion.

JUDGED by the press dispatches, Waterbury, Connecticut, experienced an incipient revolution on Sunday, March 11. Across the country was flashed the news: "Anti-Fascisti war spreads to Connecticut," "Red gunmen invade Waterbury," and so forth. Almost the only accurate headlines were in the Waterbury *Republican* and the New York *Herald*, and these declared with delicious naivete: "Police Ban Reading the Constitution." Actually, that was all that happened. The Waterbury police forcibly restrained Carlo Tresca from reading the Declaration of Rights from the constitution of the State of Connecticut. Two weeks before Police Superintendent Beach had forbidden Tresca to address an anti-Fascisti meeting in Waterbury, on the ground that the local Fascisti might "start a riot." Through the Civil Liberties Union preparations were made for a second meeting. But Mr. Beach announced firmly: "That atheistic anarchist and bolshevik agitator won't speak in Waterbury!" Nevertheless the meeting was held. The small hall was crowded, and the street outside was jammed. Most of the policemen of the city were in and around the hall, and a score of plain-clothes men milled about in the crowd. R. S. Baldwin, a lawyer, son of ex-Governor Simeon E. Baldwin, presided; Frederick C. Lauderborn of Berkeley Divinity School, and Rabbi Lewis Browne were on the platform. The chairman asked how many of those present desired to hear Mr. Tresca, and all hands went up save those of a half-dozen Fascisti in the balcony. Mr. Tresca arose, the red-covered statute book of Connecticut in his hand, and began to read: "Every citizen may freely speak——" Immedi-

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ately a dozen policemen pushed him off the stage, and cleared the hall. There is plenty of gallant work left for the Civil Liberties Union—in Pennsylvania mining towns one group of union miners has even barred Alexander Howat, the Kansas insurgent miner, from speaking.

WHEN bullfrogs boom the peep of the hyla goes unnoticed. With the Ruhr roaring the scandalous settlement of the Vilna affair slips by. The apostles of the League continue boasting that the League thereby averted a war; it is worth recalling how. Desultory fighting between Poles and Lithuanians was stopped in September, 1920, when these two Powers agreed to accept mediation by the League. On October 7, accordingly, an armistice—the Suvalki agreement—was signed, under the auspices of the League. It was to "remain in force until all questions in dispute are definitely settled." This agreement left Vilna to Lithuania, but on October 9 General Zellgowski, a Polish freebooter, seized the city. The League's armistice was openly flouted. On October 28 the League Council met and bravely resolved that it disapproved of Zellgowski; it invited him to retire and announced that it would send an international army to Vilna to supervise a plebiscite. Zellgowski did not retire, and somehow the international army did not materialize. Instead, Zellgowski declared that he would hold a plebiscite himself. On March 3, 1921, the League Council met again. This time it resolved that a popular consultation was "impossible," so it suggested direct negotiations between Poland and Lithuania under League auspices, and fixed a number of excellent preliminary conditions, among them reduction and control of Zellgowski's troops. Lithuania accepted the proposal; Poland accepted the negotiations, but declined the conditions. Whereupon Mr. Hymans, the League's spokesman, proposed that they be ignored, and negotiations begun anyway.

AT every step the League has at first talked justice, but at every step it has finally yielded to Poland, the spoiled darling of the Allies. Throughout the long negotiations it has shown itself not an instrument of equity but a tool of the great Powers. When Poland and Lithuania finally met in April and May, 1921, the Poles refused to discuss Mr. Hymans's proposals unless representatives of General Zellgowski's Government were brought in as a third party on equal terms. Mr. Hymans declared this condition a violation of the agreement. The Vilna dispute came up again in June, when the League Council once more "resolved" upon a resumption of direct negotiations. Several of its members made very stern speeches telling the Poles that such of Zellgowski's troops as were not natives of Vilna must retire at once, and that the League would organize a local police force in Vilna. Both Poland and Lithuania objected to this plan. In September Mr. Hymans again offered a compromise, which Lithuania accepted and Poland flatly refused. Since then Zellgowski has held an election, his troops presiding at the polls. Only Polish candidates were nominated, and, naturally, the resulting Diet voted in favor of annexation to Poland. The Polish Diet has ratified that annexation, and now the League also has cravenly approved it. Lithuania has constantly harked back to the Suvalki armistice, at which she laid down arms, trusting in the League's good faith. Such is the history of the League's "settlement" at Vilna.

THE general staff of our army asks only that we insure for ourselves "adequate preparedness" for the forthcoming war. To that end 20.2 per cent of our 1924 budget is devoted to the army and navy (65.6 per cent goes to pay for past wars). This is the program: Remodel the battleships at a cost of $90,000,000; build sixteen 10,000-ton scout cruisers, cost $168,000,000; build six big submarines as types for future development, cost $24,000,000; build six gunboats, cost $8,100,000; build another airplane carrier, cost $22,000,000; appropriate $19,000,000 as the beginning of an "adequate" airplane fleet; develop a fleet of 2,000 planes with an air force of 40,000 men and 2,000 officers; train a large number of boys in flying to "cover shrinkage"; scrap the Mare Island naval base (cost $40,000,000) and build one on the Alameda mud flat, to cost $150,000,000; build naval bases on Oahu, T. H., and Puget Sound; develop nine existing naval bases; develop "completely" six air stations; extend the senior Division of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps from last war's enrolment of 57,000 in 124 colleges and universities to a possible 334,000 in 670 colleges and universities; extend the junior division of that corps from 39,000 in 105 institutions to a possible 450,000 in 1,200 institutions; increase the Civilian Military Training Camps from a capacity of 22,000 to 100,000; expand the National Guard to 800 men for each Senator and Representative, making it 424,000 strong instead of 160,000; increase the regular army from 125,000 men and 12,000 officers to 150,000 men and 13,000 officers; employ regular press agents for propaganda purposes; and pigeonhole the entire industrial and economic resources of the country for use in the next world war.

IT is not often that in the South men are convicted of lynching and then kept in jail afterward. There was a governor of Alabama who once permitted the sentencing of a half dozen men to the chain-gang because they had made lynching a sport until mere hanging became too tame, when they indulged in the burning of a half-witted Negro boy whose alleged victim denied that he had done her any harm. That, said the sheriff at Wetumpka, was going too far. So these gentle playboys were arrested and, amid the plaudits of the Northern press, were sent to the chain-gang for a long time. Unfortunately, the Governor soon came up for reelection; his friends advised him he could not win again if it were said of him that he kept white men in the road-gang merely for having indulged in the pastime of burning a "nigger." The men were promptly pardoned. The present governor of Virginia is made of better and sterner stuff. He has just refused to pardon a certain A. L. Napier, "a prominent citizen in Wise County," who joined in the lynching of a Negro in 1921 for an alleged crime, and for his part in this foul deed was sentenced to a year in prison. Governor Trinkle rightly declares that to grant clemency to this lightly punished man would be to "lend my sanction to mob violence." All honor to the governor, all the more because, as the press reports, he resisted much pressure brought to bear upon him on behalf of this prominent and worthy criminal.

GREAT BRITAIN has withdrawn her protectorate over Egypt; she has accepted the Egyptian Declaration of Independence of February, 1922; she has in fact done everything to insure the complete self-determination of

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Egypt with one small exception. As the *Manchester Guardian* recently put it: "The only hold that Great Britain has over Egypt is martial law. . . ." Martial law is enough, however, to have resulted in the smashing within recent months of two Egyptian ministries and in the refusal of a third to assume office; to have provoked bombing assaults on British soldiers and the inevitable reprisals. Martial law has kept Zaghlul Pasha in exile and by that act has nourished a continued frenzy of Nationalist activity. Martial law, they say, cannot be withdrawn until order has been established in Egypt; but order will never be established while martial law holds Egypt in subjection. Nor will the question of the Sudan be settled, nor a "representative" ministry come into power. "The only hold that Great Britain has over Egypt is martial law. . . ." After all, that is about the only hold that France has over the Ruhr.

COLONEL HASKELL, Mr. Hoover's representative in Russia, whose request that the American Relief Administration tell the public the truth about Russia's need to exchange food for credit was suppressed by the Relief Administration in this country, as we pointed out last week, is obviously doing his part. The dispatches indicate that he gave the full text of his cable to the American newspaper men in Moscow at the time that he sent it. In reciting his cable last week we neglected to point out its initial phrase, which, like the important section on food exports, was not published. It read "From press dispatches I gather that well meaning people America feel funds should be raised for further food relief Russia." Colonel Haskell feels that emphasis should be laid upon the fact that "upbuilding without foreign financial help is slow and ineffective and sure to entail misery and suffering by millions over a long period of years."

DICTATOR MUSSOLINI has put off with fair words the women of the country who are demanding the vote, and, feminist though we be, the fact does not even interest us. What interests us is the story told in our International Relations Section this week of the complete loss in Italy of freedom of every kind. Assaults on individuals, the peculiarly fiendish castor-oil torture, suppression of newspapers, looting, house-burning—all these are aspects of the law and order established by Mussolini and his bands. And voting appears no longer to be even a symbol of citizenship and freedom; it has become a gesture of obeisance, performed if necessary at the point of the bayonet, to an unashamed autocrat. As Mr. Fodor pointed out in a recent issue of *The Nation*, parliamentarism is declining throughout South, and East, and Central Europe. In Italy the "right" to vote has become a ghastly joke.

THOUGH inured to the vagaries of fighting the minority's battles, the editors of *The Nation* have seldom felt the futility of effort as they did on reading a dispatch from Abyssinia announcing that while male slaves bring a price of from $6 to $24, females sell at $6 down. The indignity of the thing, that the best woman cook should go on a par with the worst male furnace-tender! Never totally discouraged, however, we offer a constructive suggestion. The women in Abyssinia should send for Mr. Fordney. He would devise a protective tariff warranted to keep out all competing female slaves; thus the price of females in Abyssinia would fly upward as has the price of woolen goods, alarm clocks, and aluminum ware in these United States. For ourselves, we shall take heart from the spirited action of the Connecticut Senate, which has rejected the presumption that woman is the weaker vessel and therefore the first to expire in a common tragedy or accident with her husband. Hereafter such deaths will be declared simultaneous in the absence of proof of priority.

ERNEST RENAN was a self-skeptical man, a tissue of contradictions, one half of himself ever picking to pieces the other, and in the process giving his contemplating mind, as he himself put it, "the keenest of intellectual pleasures." In his own day regarded as a blaster of tradition, a faithless heretic, he seems to our generation almost pious. It is rare fortune that we are able to publish this week a note on another contradiction in Renan's character from that master of contradictions, that epicurean recluse, that skeptic enthusiast, our contributing editor, Anatole France. Anatole France writes, in perfect eighteenth-century prose, of one of the giants who like himself helped blast the passionate certainties that stood in the way of tolerance, and thereby make the glory that was France. Renan was only twenty years older than Anatole France, who is himself in his eightieth year. One would like to have heard their conversation on such a theme as this, from Renan's "Life of Jesus":

> The man who has devoted himself exclusively to public life does not forgive those who exalt anything above party contentions. His reproach is directed especially against those who subordinate political to social problems and manifest a sort of indifference to the former. But what progress of the human race was ever achieved by parties? What would have become of the world if Jesus, instead of founding his heavenly kingdom, had gone to Rome and spent himself in conspiracies against Tiberius or in lamentations over Germanicus? As an austere republican and zealous patriot he could not have stayed the great tide of events of his century, while by subordinating politics he revealed to the world the great truth that the state is not all in all and that man as man comes first and stands higher than man as citizen.

PROBABLY we shall never look again upon the like of James R. Day, so long chancellor of Syracuse University. He was the finest presidential flower of the corporationed-owned university ever seen in America. Able and personally well liked, he was indubitably sincere in his defense of the great business enterprises on whose behalf he took the stump. To him Roosevelt was a tyrant, and both a socialist and an anarchist. To him the Standard Oil Company was the greatest achievement of man—and he could see no impropriety in his saying so publicly merely because his university was richly endowed with Standard Oil money. That simply proved the beneficence of the company and of the Creator whose divine wisdom guided Mr. John D. Rockefeller in building it up. So altogether Dr. Day was as delightful a reactionary as one could wish to find, for he stood to his guns, said just what he believed, and did not care whose toes he stepped upon. No one left today dares to be quite as aggressive a champion of the big-business enterprises which must be mastered if they are not definitely to master the government. Others will speak less frankly and present less of a target for those who would end the abuses which Dr. Day called public benefits—and they will do a good deal more harm by reason of their working under cover.

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Lenin—and After

ONCE more the American newspapers are recording, with unconcealed joy, the news that Lenin's life is in jeopardy. After having killed him off at least thirty times before by sudden death, apoplexy, assassination, and suicide, they are naturally pleased to have official bulletins to go by this time. The all-knowing Charles R. Crane added to their happiness when he was quoted as announcing the early demise of both Lenin and Trotzky (the latter by means of a fortunate abdominal growth), although he has since played the killjoy by denying the story about the energetic chief of the Soviet armies. The joy of our daily contemporaries is, of course, founded on the belief that if Lenin and Trotzky die the Communist cause will fail. With these supermen—or monsters in human form, if you prefer—out, they think the Communist dream will be at an end forthwith, and that a really democratic state will arise overnight—if a Grand Duke does not set himself on the throne first.

Well, we believe that our friends of the dailies, whose international lying about Russia has exceeded anything witnessed since the establishment of the modern press, are going to be disappointed again, even if both Lenin and Trotzky yield to the conqueror of all. Beyond question Lenin is the one new statesman, the one great figure produced by the war. Everybody admitted that at Versailles in 1919; every chancellery in Europe admits it today. But we are not of the opinion that the disappearance of Lenin will mean the collapse of the Soviet Government. If it does, woe unto Russia! For it is the testimony of those opposed to the soviets as well as of those who favor them that if the present group of leaders becomes unable to carry on Russia, that country will collapse into something closely akin to anarchy; at best each separate section will strive to live by itself as well as it may. That was the opinion of the late Baron Rosen, so long an eminent diplomat under the Czar; it is the opinion of most of the diplomats of Europe at this hour, if our information is correct. Certainly there is no Russian group representing another viewpoint in existence which is today capable of taking over the government. That may be due to the soviets' imprisoning or exiling many open opponents of their rule, or to something else; whatever the reason, it is the fact.

More than that, we are of the opinion that there is in the very ideas of the Communists force and power enough to carry on this experiment for some time to come under second- or even third-rate leaders. The crime of Lenin and his associates is that they let loose a new-old idea in the world, and an idea based upon an ideal. It may well be that the ideal itself, for all of its Biblical precedents, is unworkable or premature at this stage of the world's history. But the fact is that when every government on earth is in distress, when the existing capitalist system is breaking down—if there are those who still doubt this we warmly commend to them the extraordinarily able volume entitled "The Decay of Capitalist Civilization," just published by Sidney and Beatrice Webb—such an experiment as the Russian is bound to go on until its workability or its fallacy is demonstrated beyond peradventure. Humanity is hungering for a change; for the first time in its history it finds itself compelled to face the choice between getting war, and the capitalist system which produces war, out of the world, or of facing extinction. Under the circumstances it is going to labor mightily for some new form of society. It is going to try labor rule, socialism, dictatorship of this class or the other, cooperation, communism, and what not, until a better and juster way of life is found. The Communist experiment in Russia is surely too vital and too pulsating to perish overnight.

It ought not to. Without being Communists the editors of *The Nation* have always felt that the readiness of even part of the Russians to try this experiment, at however great a cost, ought to have been welcomed by the other nations and not opposed. If it is foredoomed to failure, if its basic economic and spiritual principles are unsound and inimical to humanity, the quicker this is demonstrated beyond cavil the better for all concerned. Unfortunately, the Allies and the United States by making war upon Russia have put the soviets in a position to say that they have not had a fair chance to demonstrate what they can do, while the famine has given still more color to their assertions that they must not yet be judged by the results they have achieved. They are, however, in a position to say that those who hope for the dissolution of the soviets on the death of Lenin are overlooking the fact that this Government of Lenin's is now the oldest ministry in Europe; that it is in its sixth year of service, that it has lived through terrible crises and foreign invasions, and that it has gone on functioning successfully through all the months during which Lenin has been unable to conduct the affairs of state.

The Nation is still eager for this great Russian laboratory to continue its experimenting, for we are yet of the belief that whether the soviets stay or go much good for all the world will come out of the undertaking. The steady recession of Lenin and his government from the extreme Communist position confirms us in our belief that precisely as the eighteenth-century French Revolution sloughed off its peculiar excesses, gradually progressed beyond its ruthless shedding of blood upon the guillotines that worked night and day, and abandoned its policy of exiling the propertied classes, so the twentieth-century Russian experiment is bound to become with time more pliable, less doctrinaire and extreme, far less violent, and, we trust, far more humane in practice as well as in ideal. There is a striking parallel between the early years of the French revolution and the career of the soviets—although the latter have thus far avoided the Napoleonic precedent. The armies of Kolchak and Yudenich had their parallel in that of the Prince of Condé and in the other forces raised by Germany and England and the French émigrés to overthrow the French revolution. That revolution was denounced in the precise language which has been applied to the soviets, but it profoundly served humanity, if only by overthrowing the feudalism of the pre-revolutionary time and quickening humanity's faith in liberty, equality, and fraternity. The feudalism of the Czar and his whole crooked, debased, and debauched society has gone forever. It can never be restored. The only question is how rapidly the inevitable process of evolution toward true liberty and a less exclusive radicalism will come to pass in all the Russias. The death of Lenin, if it impends, will surely not alter that undeniable trend; nor is it likely appreciably to hasten it.

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Schooling *vs.* Education

ONCE more has a Daniel come to judgment. The president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Pensioning of College Professors has decided that American education will not do. There is nothing new in this decision; but the reasoning on which it is based is intriguing. At the end of seventeen years spent in contemplating retiring college instructors, Dr. Pritchett has reached the conclusions that our education has no intellectual character; that it has been superficially "enriched" until it is all sweetness with no light; and that, whatever may be said in its favor, it already costs so much and is by way of costing so much more that it will, shortly, become an impractical luxury. Thus the seventeenth annual report of the Carnegie Foundation, Henry Smith Pritchett, president.

One false assumption underlies and vitiates this argument of the report on the rising cost of education. That assumption is that schooling and education are identical. Dr. Pritchett admits they are not identical. But he wants to discuss the cost of education, and having no statistics on this subject he uses figures on the cost of schooling and calls them statistics on education.

Fifty years ago education was a function of the whole community including the work of the household, the farm, and the shop. Schooling was supplementary: four to seven months of intellectual studies, for from five to ten years, in the life of the average child. Hence the cost of schooling was low. Nobody knows, however, what the cost of education was. The whole community gave time, energy, and thought to the subject. Industry was slowed down on the farm, in the household, and in the shop, while children were inducted into the processes of work and living. This slowing down was a part of the cost of education, but it does not appear in the statistics of the schools.

The situation is different today. Industry is closed to children; the home has been stripped of its former work activities. The community of childhood has lost almost everything that made the older American community richly educational, school or no school. Industry has abdicated the task of educating the children. The community has thrown the whole task upon the schools. Hence, if children are to achieve those older community values of skill, responsibility, and understanding the school must become more than it was of old: it must become the educational community. The "enrichments" which Dr. Pritchett treats with such scorn are just those older community realities transferred to the school program. The schools have loaded themselves, or have been loaded, with duties which they have not understood. They have done much of this work badly, but if there has been fault in these developments the whole community, so quick to shift its burdens, must be charged with a considerable part of the fault. There have been no deliberate villains in this educational drama; there has been, and there still is an amazing ignorance of educational realities in our American life. The cost of schooling had to rise. The cost of education has probably fallen.

The educational results are superficial, says the critic. How can they be other? The community no longer exists in the old sense, and industry stands aloof; the children ask for understanding, and industry gives them—taxes! The school has taken on responsibilities for which it is not prepared. Dr. Pritchett would escape from all this to a school that is an "intellectual agency," that gets back to "fundamentals." His thought carries back to some of the "good old schools," of the days before the curriculum had been "enriched," when "intellectual discipline" was both prized and achieved. He fails to see that those old schools could be intellectual agencies just because the rest of the community provided the children with opportunities for those active and emotional experiences, those constructive habits and appreciations of realities, which give substance to the intellectual life and make it real and desirable.

It is folly to talk about making the school an intellectual agency in the sort of social and industrial vacuum which the modern community is for most children. An occasional child can, of course, take on the world out of books, through the imagination. Most children must have experiences with the world's realities. If the community cannot provide for these experiences, the school must do so. Sound intellect is rooted in the realities of experience. That bookishness which is the mark of the "intellectual aristocrat" may be secured in an academic school; but the sound social intelligence that is to help the world find its way through the confusions of modern industrialism can be achieved only in a world of social and industrial realities. Education will never cost too much. Our schoolish education may be superficial and largely worthless; it is a typical product of the drift of this age. The way out is not by an academic withdrawal from the world of realities, but by a resolute plunge into those realities.

Müller of the Emden

HAD Commander Karl von Müller of the German cruiser Emden, whose death is just reported, been an Englishman, he would have ranked as one of the greatest heroes of the World War. For daring, for bravery, for skill in eluding his enemies, and for generosity to them, he was excelled by no naval officer on either side of the struggle. Not since Captain Semmes's exploits with the Alabama had any commander of a cruiser similarly ranged the sea, and his feats were vastly more difficult than the Confederate captain's because Semmes had only to fear an occasional Federal warship, while the Emden had to elude Japanese, English, and Russian ships—at one time no less than sixteen were searching for her in the Bay of Bengal—only to fall prey at last to an Australian cruiser of greater speed. But being a German, Captain von Müller failed to receive the credit due him for his seamanship, his ingenuity, his dashing exploits, and his excellent sportsmanship throughout his career. If an impartial history of the war is ever written, Von Müller will rank high, if only because he proved that even with the wireless to make things difficult, a daring commander can still for months disappear in the ocean wastes.

In the Yellow Sea when war broke out, Von Müller went first to Kiao-chau and then joined the fleet of Admiral Von Spee, who later destroyed a British squadron, only to perish, himself, in the Magellan Islands. But the admiral saw the value of the Emden as a commerce destroyer, and so she quickly slipped into the Indian Ocean, where she practically drove English merchantmen off the seas. She did not hesitate to approach close to Calcutta, and entering the harbor of Madras set fire to the oil tanks and destroyed enormous quantities of this fuel. When ninety nautical miles away her crew could still see the dense cloud of black smoke rising

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above the burning oil. Taking a leaf out of Semmes's book, Captain Von Müller early added a fourth smokestack made out of materials on board, and thus made his ship look exactly like the British cruiser Yarmouth. Of course, many wild yarns about this "pirate's" exploits found their way into the Indian press at the time, though nothing said surpassed the abuse of Semmes in the Northern press which cordially wished him hung from the yardarm of the first Yankee cruiser to capture him. Some of these yarns about themselves the Emden's officers read in the newspapers they captured, and they were naturally particularly interested in elaborate accounts of their ship's having been sunk with all hands in battle with the cruiser Askold. Month after month this "Flying Dutchman" ranged the seas, living from the captured steamers, coaling at sea from one prize after another—the British Admiralty was good enough to let two cargoes of the best Welsh coal, of 7,000 tons each, fall into Von Müller's hands. Whenever they ran low on an article, such as soap, a timely victim helped the Germans out.

One of the Emden's first anchorages was in the harbor of Diego Garcia, a small English island in the extreme southern part of the Indian Ocean, where, as the mail arrived only twice a year, the news that England was at war had not been received. But the most venturesome of the Emden's adventures was her appearance at sunrise in the harbor of Penang. Not an officer on the Russian cruiser Schemtschuk was on duty, and not a watch on the lookout when the torpedo from the Emden hit the Russian warship. The Russians put up a good fight, but not for long. The French destroyer Mousquet was sunk soon after, and then the Emden was at sea again. This time her destination was Keeling Island, where her commander decided to destroy the cable station. And there the end of the cruise came. For as she lay at anchor with a landing party of fifty on shore, the Australian cruiser Sidney, a larger and faster vessel, overtook her. Her fate is known. But what is not so clearly understood is that when Captain Von Müller and his officers reached England they were received with distinction and good fellowship.

As for the landing party under Lieutenant Commander Von Mücke, their voyage from Keeling in a leaky schooner, the Ayesha, through the Indian Ocean into the Red Sea, is without parallel—even in the fiction of Marryat or Cooper or Kingsley. It was one of Marryat's heroes who was disgraced because by the prank of a midshipman he had to report for duty on his frigate minus his trousers. The crew of the Ayesha were reduced to nakedness and almost starved, yet they carried their little craft to a safe landing from which they made their way overland, not without loss of life, to Turkish territory and safety. And it is the commander of this extraordinary voyage, Von Mücke, who has just been refused permission by our super-government, the American Legion, to narrate in this country, in the interest of starving German children, the story of this unparalleled adventure. Time, let us hope, will bring about a better attitude, precisely as the New York *Times* no longer berates Semmes as a cutthroat and a barbarian, as it did for years after Appomattox, but treats him as an American asset. If humanity is wise, it will allow no further opportunity for Emdens or Alabamas to sink private property at sea, or public property either. But for all time the exploits of both vessels will find their place in every history, and the Emden will always be cited as proof that steel sides and grimy engine-rooms and twin-screws did not take the romance out of war on the seas.

Stages of Expulsion

ONE fine evening about a year ago President Atwood of Clark University, emerging from an ill-attended lecture of his own, dropped into a hall where Scott Nearing was discussing The Control of Public Opinion before several hundred students. Mr. Atwood was indignant; he dismissed Nearing's meeting; and both *The Nation* and the *New Republic* found it fitting to comment upon his action as a violation of academic freedom.

Now, last autumn students of the university—many of whom have since subscribed for *The Nation*—found these two papers gone from the reading-room shelves. They had been consigned to the dark corners of the basement vaults, whence they could be recalled only by special signed application. Some of the students organized a little bombardment of special applications, but instead of returning the magazines to the shelves the library dropped its subscriptions to them. One of the pestiferous students informed *The Nation* of this curious fact, whereupon we asked the librarian the cause. (Some of the students, we were told, had been informed when the paper was first consigned to the basement, that the library was "investigating" *The Nation.*) The librarian replied to our letter, however: "The reason I have not renewed the library subscription to *The Nation* is because I have been promised it from another source." We still felt a bit dissatisfied and wrote to a professor who is very close to President Atwood. This professor replied that "as a matter of policy the librarian does not have the library supply the students with newspapers or current news weeklies published in this country. He thinks they ought to subscribe for themselves. . . . The matter has no connection whatever with anything that was ever printed on the Nearing incident." This seemed to us to reveal a curious conception of the function of a university library; it occurred to us that the students might as well be invited to purchase all their reading matter and the library be closed. We told our friend the professor so, and let the matter drop.

Now, suddenly we find ourselves thrust into the limelight by the press of Worcester, Mass. *The Nation* and the *New Republic* have been barred, these papers tell us, but President Atwood says that "there is absolutely no discrimination against any magazine." The Worcester *Telegram* adds:

> Dr. Atwood asserted that there was no purpose of censorship in the dropping of the magazines, the action being governed entirely by a desire to have a library for research rather than a reading-room. He explained that in following this policy it became necessary to drop many magazines and to add others, it being apparent that the library could not subscribe to all such publications and that some choice would have to be made.

Some choice was indeed made. The *Outlook*, the *Spectator*, the *Independent*, and Mr. Atwood's own *Our World* are still upon the library shelves. Clark, with its library endowment, can hardly plead extreme poverty; 2,450 libraries in these United States, including more than 600 colleges and universities, take *The Nation*. This is in fact a censorship of opinion, a discrimination against the liberal press. The students are likely to be stimulated into reading *The Nation*, but the incident should teach them more than we could tell them.

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William Randolph Hearst and His Moral Press

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

OF William Randolph Hearst it is related that when he came to New York to enter journalism he debated as to whether he should found the best or the worst newspaper. The story may be apocryphal, but there is no doubt as to which kind of newspaper he has fathered. Nor can there be any question that he has as many journalistic lives as a cat has feline existences. How else could he have survived the waves of intense popular dislike, yes, bitter hatred of him, that have repeatedly swept over this country, which would surely have driven any one else into retirement? When McKinley was assassinated it was widely whispered that Czolgosz had a copy of the *Evening Journal* in his pocket when he was arrested. Out of clubs, reading-rooms, and libraries went the *Journal* and *American*. Again during the World War his equivocal position drew fire from many sides; thousands upon thousands of our returning soldiers felt themselves utterly outraged when they were greeted at New York by a Hearst reception committee.

Undoubtedly it is the shortness of the American public's memory that is Hearst's best ally. People simply do not remember. Every journalist knows that; every journalist knows that he must begin a "story" of past events with a recital of facts which every thoughtful person ought to recall. Who remembers today the wicked and dastardly part which Hearst played in bringing on the war with Spain? Who remembers his strident appeals then to the basest of passions? Who remembers the bitter outcry against him? Only a few, and it is a question not of years but of months before even the members of our university clubs will have only a vague idea as to what Hearst did or did not do during the World War. Time is thus the chief ally of Hearst and of his type of journalist. But even time cannot wholly efface certain facts. Hearst the man has recently been correctly called "one of the most melancholy figures of our time." He has done more to degrade the entire American press than any one else in its history—more than Pulitzer and both the Bennetts combined. He has achieved enormous material success—it is said that his net profit in 1922 amounted to $12,000,000—but he is without popular respect or regard. He is a man dreaded and feared, much sought after by a type of politician, but he has never been personally beloved, never even by those deluded fellow-citizens of his who at times made the welkin ring with their cheers for him during campaigns which have almost invariably resulted in his defeat. A man of mystery, he will never be anything else than anathema to great masses of citizens. If at times he is the champion of the poor and oppressed, he has no personal following of the kind that worshiped Roosevelt. Millions will read him, but following him is a different matter.

Men have not stuck to Hearst in great numbers and with enthusiasm always at white heat, because of just doubts as to his sincerity and intellectual honesty. Let it be set down at once that Hearst is as unstable as the winds; like them he can blow hot in Chicago and cold in Atlanta or Boston at the same time. Thus, when his newspapers published an appeal to the Governor of Georgia that the life of the unfortunate Frank be spared it was carefully omitted from Hearst's Atlanta newspaper where its publication would have made him unpopular. So it constantly happens that his newspapers advocate different policies in different cities. Similar examples of this yielding to expediency, of this moral and political instability could be multiplied indefinitely. The man is infirm of purpose, at times lazy, at times paralyzingly indifferent. That he has become an extremely able and successful business man since the reckless days of his first appearance in New York journalism, when it was the hope and belief that he would quickly dissipate his patrimony, is none the less true. Especially in the magazine field has he demonstrated his ability to make money.

What Hearst's actual material achievements are can be set forth by some new figures. There are (February, 1923) no less than 37,000 persons upon his pay roll in this country and in London, where two of his magazines are published, exclusive of those who work in paper-mills whose entire output goes to Hearst publications. Hearst began with the San Francisco *Examiner* which his father turned over to him in 1887; he is now the sole owner of the following dailies (8 morning, 10 evening) and Sunday newspapers (13), with the circulations claimed:

Morning	
Chicago *Herald and Examiner*	355,417
New York *American*	329,839
San Francisco *Examiner*	150,140
Los Angeles *Examiner*	131,869
Boston *Advertiser* (Tabloid)	85,836
Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*	55,318
Washington *Herald*	53,000
Fort Worth *Record*	21,784
Total	1,183,203
Evening	
New York *Evening Journal*	622,749
Chicago *Evening American*	387,573
Boston *American*	251,053
Detroit *Times*	150,000
Washington *Times*	69,000
Milwaukee *Wisconsin News*	68,890
Atlanta *Georgian*	41,560
Oakland *Post-Enquirer*	28,526
Syracuse *Evening Telegram*	25,160
Rochester *Evening Journal*	25,000
Total	1,669,511
Sunday	
New York *American*	1,028,278
Chicago *Herald and Examiner*	668,450
Boston *Sunday Advertiser*	404,751
San Francisco *Examiner*	293,286
Los Angeles *Examiner*	265,658
Detroit *Times*	150,000
Washington *Times-Herald*	129,000
Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*	118,118
Milwaukee *Telegram*	104,424
Atlanta *Sunday American*	100,492
Syracuse *Sunday American*	61,882
Rochester *Sunday American*	51,000
Fort Worth *Record*	24,721
Total	3,400,060

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Even this does not tell the whole story because besides these he owns an interest sufficient to give him practical control of the San Francisco *Call-Post* and the Los Angeles *Evening Herald*. In the magazine field, he and his wife are the proprietors of the following publications:

Cosmopolitan	1,102,365
Good Housekeeping	780,560
Hearst's International	356,979
Nash's Magazine (London)	179,850
Good Housekeeping (London)	150,000
Harper's Bazar	101,031
Orchard and Farm	46,236
Motor	37,000
Motor Boating	19,763
Total	2,773,784

It takes over $90,000,000 a year to produce these Hearst publications. Today so many copies of them are printed that a single page in each of the papers calls for thirty-two tons of paper. With genuine business daring he raised the price of his Sunday papers everywhere to ten cents. Instead of losing by that the circulation of the Sunday *American* went over one million copies. One of his Washington papers had 28,000 readers at one cent when the Hearst managers took it over; it was self-supporting within eight weeks and now has nearly three times as many readers at two cents. In Milwaukee the *Wisconsin News* has grown under Hearst's ownership from 18,000 at one cent to 69,000 at three cents. In Detroit the *Times* under Hearst has shot up from 16,000 copies at one cent to 160,000 copies at two cents; its revenues have increased from $300,000 a year to $3,000,000. Of the $87,034,539 spent in one year for advertising in the 35 leading morning newspapers in the United States, 31.87 per cent or $27,733,754 went into six Hearst newspapers. There is no doubt that there is talent and ability in the Hearst force; nor is it hampered by conscientious scruples as to taste, decency, or good morals.

The possession of these properties enables Hearst to claim that 6,972,512 families, or one out of every four families in the entire United States, regularly read a Hearst publication. Probably the figure is utterly exaggerated since there must be great duplication of circulations, but if it is even approximately true the fact is both alarming and reassuring—alarming in the total number of readers, reassuring in the thought of how comparatively little the owner of these publications has really been able to affect the political or social life of the country, particularly when it is remembered that Mr. Hearst also controls a widely distributed motion-picture service, which however has not by any means been always financially successful. More than that, it must not be forgotten that Hearst has not only his own press service but that his special features, which cost more than $2,000,000 a year, are marketed through the King Features Syndicate, which also sells his special news and wire services. Finally more than 2,000 papers stamp the Hearst style of journalism with their approval by taking these features. These newspapers together print 26,277,227 copies daily.

It is being said in Fleet Street that already almost all trace of Northcliffe, the man, has disappeared; that his influence is today nearly dissipated. There is probably an omen in this of what will happen when Hearst disappears from the American scene. But, leaving the future to take care of itself, it is certainly a ground for encouragement that with all the power of his press the man has failed from every point of view save money-making, because of lack of moral purpose, of sound and consistent political principle, of enthusiastic and unselfish devotion to such causes as he has espoused. Without these shortcomings he would have overcome the handicap of his cold, unattractive, and, from the public point of view, rather mysterious personality. These faults have saved America from the disgrace of having him in high office.

A study of his political career only confirms this view of him, for, especially of late years, he has in this field displayed an amateurishness and bungling quite out of keeping with his business sagacity. Thus, in the 1922 campaign for nomination for Governor of New York he was easily defeated by Alfred E. Smith. He was playing for high stakes, for had he been nominated and elected in the Democratic tidal wave he must have been a dangerous candidate for the next Democratic Presidential nomination in view of the existing dearth of available material. He could easily have controlled many more delegates and won over some more local bosses had he really set himself to the task. Again there was that fatal vacillation; he and Mayor Hylan bowed low and each begged the other to take the nomination—with which Governor Smith then easily walked off. It would not be safe to say today that this has ended Hearst's political career, but it has certainly been a severe blow to the chances of his winning high office in the future. In Congress, where he sat from a safely Democratic district by grace of Tammany, he had an excellent opportunity to show what political talents he possessed; he was an indifferent, colorless Congressman who impressed nobody, neglected his duties, and left absolutely no mark behind him. He has been dubbed a "monster of publicity" and a specialist in the psychology of crowds; but when it comes to going before the people, even in the role of a St. George, to rescue them from the sinister dragons of the business controllers of our wealth and our government, his talents fail. Behind the editorial page he can accomplish much. In the open he can fool no one. Personally his stature shrinks as his newspapers and magazines grow in number and in readers. The ghosts of his evil deeds, all the incalculable things he has done to degrade and debase the press of the country and to pervert the public taste, rise up to confront him as the ghosts of Macbeth's victims confronted and finally helped to overcome him.

Thus true leadership is not and cannot be his. Indubitably he has fought and is fighting many a good battle—no one can advocate so many things over a long period of years as he has and not be right sometimes. In opposing and exposing the evils of our big business in politics, which Woodrow Wilson used to say called for a revolution in America, he has served the public well. He has been a pioneer in advocating municipal ownership of public utilities, government ownership of railroads and of natural resources, and State and municipal development and sale of electric light and power. He has stood for home rule for cities, for the initiative, referendum, and recall, for direct primaries, an eight-hour day, a minimum wage; but it is all tarnished by self-interest, by self-seeking, and arouses the never-failing and the justified suspicion of his sincerity. For at the very moment when he has been crying out most loudly for the people's rights, he has never hesitated to strike hands with the worst of the politicians who rob the people of their rights at the behest of big business, their

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real masters. What better illustration of that could there be than Hearst's picturing Murphy, the boss of Tammany Hall, in prison stripes in searing cartoons in one year and soon after striking hands with him to turn over New York to Tammany at its worst—all for selfish personal reasons? Short-lived as the public memory is, that went a little too far, was just a little too hypocritical to be overlooked or forgotten. He is always virtuously against "Newberryism" —the use of great sums of money to obtain office—but he spent half a million nonchalantly in his own campaign against Charles E. Hughes for the governorship of New York.

Some hitherto unpublished telegrams which passed between Hearst, Arthur Brisbane, and S. S. Carvalho during the New York mayoralty campaign of 1917 throw equally interesting light upon the methods and morals of these gentlemen in their conduct of the Hearst press and their treatment of public affairs. In that contest there were four candidates, Mitchel, Bennett, Hillquit, and Hylan. The Hearst papers were backing Hylan, a hand-picked, small-caliber Tammany politician. It therefore occurred to Mr. Brisbane that by praising Hillquit he and his beloved corporation-baiting boss could scare the corporations into working for the Tammany Hall from which Hearst gets favors in return for support. Hearst did not fear Hillquit enough, so the scheme fell to the ground. But the telegrams give a delightful picture of the inside of the Hearst machine:

Western Union Telegram
J New York NY 325P Oct. 21 1917

W. R. Hearst,
Examiner Los Angeles Calif

There is actual possibility of Hillquits election in four cornered fight Conditions ought to disturb the corporations working for Mitchel They will sweat and pay taxes on their personal property if Hillquit elected Shall I write editorial warning corporations that their effort to get everything from Mitchel may cost them dear through Hillquits victory If they understood situation and danger they would drop Mitchel and vote for Hylan Editorial would describe Hillquits ability and sincerity Remarkably able lawyer Rosenwald who asks me introduce him Hillquit says latter one of ablest men in country Can write editorial in such way as to transfer many votes from Mitchel to Hillquit Please reply

A. Brisbane
339 PM

To this Hearst replied:

San Francisco California 1256AM Oct 23 1917

Carvalho American New York

Brisbane wants to write editorial praising Hillquit Brisbane thinks Hillquit may be elected Of course Hillquit will not be elected although governments policy will make socialists very strong Editorial of kind Brisbane suggests would be construed as disloyalty to Hylan and upset all our plans Please prevent it.

Hearst
453AM

The reader will notice the reference to "all *our* plans." It reveals the close cooperation of the newspaper owner and Tammany Hall in 1917, and Hearst's hope of future favors.

Hearst belongs to no political fold or category. He is neither a Socialist, nor a liberal, nor a conservative liberal, nor a radical liberal, nor even a consistent imperialist liberal. The latter role seems to fit him most nearly, for he gleefully twists the British lion's tail and baits the Japanese. He favors a huge fleet and a large army. He is not wholly averse to the exploitation of weak and backward countries, but every now and then he comes out against American imperialism and murder in Haiti and Santo Domingo, which he ought consistently to be defending since he demands that we hold the Philippines. So it is surprising to find him urging the recognition of the Soviet Government. That may, however, be only for today; tomorrow his editorial hired men may make him say the opposite or say it at his behest. Why not? On May 3, 1916, over his own name his dailies bellowed as follows: "Our flag should wave over Mexico as the symbol of the rehabilitation of that unhappy country and its redemption to 'humanity' and civilization. Our right in Mexico is the right of humanity. If we have no right in Mexico then we have no right in California or in Texas, which we redeemed from Mexico. . . ." More recently somebody got hold of Hearst, whose views as to Mexico cannot be wholly uncolored by the fact that he is the alien and absentee owner of hundreds of thousands of Mexican acres which he is holding for future exploitation and is also the credited holder of mining interests in that country. Apparently it was made clear to this tribune of the people that he should change his tune and he did so. As a result he is now working hard for the recognition of the Obregon Government and has forgotten all about our "right" to intervene.

His attitude toward the World War is further proof that he is not only without statesman-like vision but that he handles a given situation with a maximum of ineptitude. There can be no doubt that he saw the folly of the war and realized America's fatal blunder in going into it; this he harps upon today. But he did not say so clearly and candidly at the time and then state that he would uphold the government during the war while reserving the proper rights of criticism. Had he done so and then compelled his editorial writers to wisdom and moderation, he could have rendered enormous service to his country by influencing the Administration in the direction of justice and sanity. But his writers were, as usual, careless and inconsistent and so there arose a terrific outcry against him, with the result that our war-mad local officials began to suspend the Constitution on their own account and to ban or to burn his paper. One of his editors was so stupid as to omit from a proclamation of the President that part praying for victory for the American arms. Then the storm broke. He pluckily kept up his anti-war propaganda and his just criticisms of our Allies for a while, but finally the fire got too hot and he had to resort to all sorts of means of defense, including page advertisements testifying to his great services to the country during the war. But, as has been said, Time the Healer has helped him; he has suffered no permanent financial or circulation losses because of the bitter attacks upon him in 1917 and 1918.

There is something particularly despicable in the man, whether he be President or editor, who arouses the hopes of great masses of people by pointing out their wrongs and then leaves them in the lurch for selfish reasons, or because of a weak surrender to powerful enemies. But when one considers the technical journalistic side of Hearst's career the condemnation which he merits can only be intensified. Let any student of the American press turn back to the files of the metropolitan dailies as they were before Hearst came into the field and then compare them with the editions of today and he will see for himself how lasting has been the injury done to the profession by Hearst in the lowering of journalistic tastes and standards. Even the smug, stupid, and frequently intellectually dishonest *Tribune*, once the pride of the country, has imitated the journalist it assails most. At least it does assail him; the bulk of the fraternity

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keep silent because of a certain professional fellowship, or in frank worship of his success, or because of simple cowardice.

But, the reader may ask, what could the profession have done to set standards of conduct and to punish derelictions, since there is no institute of journalists, no body corresponding to the bar associations in the legal and the professional associations in the medical professions? To this the answer is that the profession does meet in conventions or is otherwise so organized as to make it quite possible for it to have expressed its opinion emphatically. The clearest and most flagrant case in this connection is that of the Associated Press, whose refusal to expel Hearst from its membership is proof positive how dulled some editors are to offenses which in any other profession would certainly send the guilty man to Coventry—to say the least. The Associated Press found that the Hearst International News Service was systematically stealing its news; that in violation of its by-laws the Hearst publications which were members of the Associated Press were allowing its news to filter out to the non-member Hearst newspapers. The Hearst service bribed employees of the Cleveland *News*, an Associated Press newspaper, to furnish it with Associated Press news as soon as it came over the wire. This was then wired back to New York and was sent out as an International News item. It systematically copied dispatches from early editions and bulletin boards of Associated Press newspapers, particularly after the British, Canadian, French, Portuguese, and Japanese governments had barred the Hearst service from their countries and prohibited the use of their cables for any Hearst messages.

The difficulty of running down dishonesty of this kind was obviously not slight, especially since the ownership of news had not been judicially or legally defined in the United States. To this task Mr. Melville E. Stone devoted himself, inspired by the desire to wind up a long journalistic career by obtaining a judicial ruling on the rascalities of Hearst and establishing a needed principle of enormous value to all who originate news. He was completely successful. Hearst's agents were convicted on every count of cheating and stealing from the Associated Press, which Hearst as a member was in duty bound to protect. When the case was won the Associated Press was duly jubilant, but its then board of directors comprising such men as Adolph S. Ochs of the *Times*, Victor Lawson of the Chicago *Daily News*, Charles A. Rook of the Pittsburgh *Dispatch*, Clark Howell of the Atlanta *Constitution*, Elbert H. Baker of the Cleveland *Plain-Dealer*, Frank B. Noyes of the Washington *Star*, and others did nothing whatever to relieve the Associated Press of the odium of Hearst's presence in the association which he had not only betrayed but deliberately sought to wreck. So far as the public is aware the question of Hearst's disciplining was never brought up in the Board of Directors or in the annual meetings of the members. What more striking illustration could there be of the depths to which the leaders of the profession have lowered it?

This picture goes a long way to explain Hearst's power. But what shall be said of men outside the profession who take service under this confuser of ideals? I do not refer, of course, to the rank and file of Hearst's workers who see in his pay only a means to a livelihood. It is the long list of men of distinction who have accepted the shilling of this king of sensational journalism which comes to mind. What shall be said, for example, of Charles H. Parkhurst? Long a preacher of Christian morals in New York and a tower of strength in the fight against municipal misgovernment, he has used Hearst's columns to address the multitudes who scan his pages. Obviously this noted divine took Hearst's pay either because he was in need of money or because he laid the flattering unction to his soul that his ethical teachings could offset some of the evil done by those self-same publications. Ambrose Bierce once wrote: "If asked to justify my long service to journals with whose policies I was not in agreement and whose character I loathed I should confess that possibly the easy nature of the service had something to do with it. As to the point of honor (as that is understood in the profession), the editors and managers always assured me that there was commercial profit in employing my rebellious pen, and I, O well, I persuaded myself that I could do more good by addressing those who had greatest need of me—the millions of readers for whom Mr. Hearst was a misleading light." It is, of course, the old, old ethical fallacy that the end justifies the means. You abhor this man Hearst and then this Mephistopheles comes to you and says: "See, I shall turn over to you part of the garden in which I work. You shall spade it as you please and draw golden ducats for doing so," and behold Faust yields as readily as ever a Faust did. So the minister of the Gospel preaches his sermon between the sex appeals and murder "mysteries," the cheap gossip and tales of the beautiful maiden lured to her destruction, that sell the paper to multitudes.

Thus man after man has found himself called to offset the teachings of his employer while accepting the employer's base metal. "Of course, I don't believe in Hearst, but one must get some straight thinking over to the masses." "There are no strings tied to me, so I can say what I please; besides I don't have to come into contact with the man himself." "Isn't it well that somebody should give a moral viewpoint to those deluded readers?" The language of compromise is always the same; there is the same jargon in the pulpits whose occupants have forgotten Christ to serve Mammon, who take the conscienceless rich man's dollar in order to help him into the kingdom of heaven. These men become Hearst's veil, his camouflage, his garment of respectability, the coiners of more pennies. But the ignorant ask: "How can Hearst be so bad if so saintly a person as Dr. Parkhurst writes for him?"

An amazing and, in this case, amusing instance of Hearst's striking hands with one who formerly bitterly fought him is afforded by the fact that no less a person than David Lloyd George has become Hearst's most distinguished contributor to his dailies. What a reflection this is upon both of these distinguished humbuggers of the public! This is the same Lloyd George who had the Hearst representatives expelled from England during the war for what was called their persistent pro-Germanism, lying, and misrepresentation—offenses deemed to be so serious that the mere possession of a copy of a Hearst paper was made a prison offense in Canada during the hostilities. It is, of course, true that Lloyd George sold his articles to the United Feature Syndicate and gave it the right to dispose of them in the United States and that the Syndicate sold them to Hearst, but the spectacle is there for gods and men—Lloyd George writes for Hearst. As for Hearst, he doubtless reads with entirely cynical amusement the advertisements in which he sets forth the virtues of his distinguished

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ex-ministerial contributor whom he for years abused so roundly, and recalls the breakfast in London given to him by David Lloyd George at which the hatchet was apparently buried. What would you? The war is over; business is business. "L. G." openly declares he needs the money—and Hearst needs features to advertise. So the "Savior of England" lends his prestige to whitewashing Hearst.

The circumstance that Hearst has not done more mischief than he has should not, however, blind any one to the dangers of multiple ownership of newspapers. The rise of the Hearst chain and other similar ones like Scripps-Howard, which now numbers twenty-five dailies, are phenomena fraught with evil, particularly when one considers it in connection with the steady trend toward consolidation or absorption of the weaker dailies by the strong, and the large number of cities which now have only one daily apiece. Any modern democracy is peculiarly dependent upon the obtaining by its members of sound information. Should all the city dailies of the country be owned by four or five individuals or groups of owners, the situation in this country would become extremely serious. So far as Hearst is concerned, there are indications that his invasion of the smaller cities is not likely to extend very rapidly. The Hearst machine as it operates in our largest cities is not a good training-school for men who are to conduct dailies in cities in which the possible advertising and circulation are distinctly limited. In Rochester, for instance, the problem is entirely different from that in Los Angeles or Seattle or Chicago; in that city, by the way, the large advertisers, under the leadership of George Eastman of Kodak fame, are solidly opposed to Hearst's appearance in that field. Usually Hearst overcomes such business opposition because merchants do not hold long to an attitude of civic virtue when the large Hearst circulations offer such tremendous aid to retail business.

In justice to Hearst it must be said that many of his heads of departments profess great admiration for him and profound faith in his mission. Mr. Brisbane asserts that "for twenty years I have seen things appearing in the New York *Evening Journal;* then I have seen them in Roosevelt's speeches; in the New York *American* and then in Wilson's speeches. The public, of course, will in time know it—they won't know it while Hearst is alive because people never do, but they will eventually." Mr. Bradford Merrill asks what the Hearst policies are and then answers himself as follows: "Are they not simply this: That the public affairs of every city, every state, and the nation as a whole, shall be controlled by the inhabitants thereof, for their own welfare, and not controlled by privilege and plutocracy for the benefit of a few already highly privileged individuals?" But these apologists for Hearst forget to mention the utterly despicable methods through which Hearst preaches his doctrine of war upon privilege—the lying, chicanery, dishonesty, yes, at times the venality (as in his relations to the Southern Pacific Railroad in his early California days), and the consequent measureless degradation of the public taste. Were it some one else than Mr. Hearst Mr. Brisbane's easily moralizing pen would find in the moral failure of his employer a wealth of material for "sermonettes" to present to the Hearst millions of readers.

As one considers these men and the injury they have done one is reminded of Lowell's question: "Why should a man by choice go down to live in his cellar instead of mounting to those fair upper chambers which look toward the sunrise . . .?"

The Making of an American

By ANTHONY ROWLEY

WE were two good American citizens, myself and the lawyer of Mr. Q. The third member of the party, Mr. Q. himself, desired also to become a citizen of these States. I did not inquire into his reasons, but I had agreed to act as one of the witnesses to his civic virtues.

One may approach the courthouse for which we were bound by any number of disagreeable routes, but when one finally reaches it there is a sense of relief and pleasure in beholding the majesty of white marble that lifts itself above the noise and dirt and traffic of the streets. The three of us felt so until the sight of small knots of worried-looking, shabbily dressed men hovering before the huge bronze doors inspired the fear that court had not yet opened. This was true, although we had purposely arrived half an hour late. However, we pressed upstairs and into the room where the new citizens were to be sworn in.

It was a large room, looking like a cross between a public-school assembly hall and a cheap moving-picture theater. There were the worn benches and stained walls, the platform and the large front desk of the schoolroom. There were the dusty royal purple hangings, the pouchy, sallow, brass-buttoned attendants, and the bad air of the moving-picture palace. Toward the center stood a flagstaff bearing a brand-new American flag waiting, like the Bible in a Greek Catholic church, to be kissed. The chilly marble halls, the overheated dreary room, the very scattered blue-coated clerks themselves gave off a musty odor—the smell, as Mr. Q. declared, recalling his Hobbes, peculiar to that unfragrant monster, Leviathan. One noticed this first. Then, and with a curiosity which tided one over many quarter hours, one noticed the assembled public. Most of the crowd that muttered and shifted with decorous restlessness on weary feet consisted of men. Middle-aged men with creased suits and grizzled beards. Young men with shining hair and shoes and dull eyes. Here and there an old interested man with snowy beard and mustaches. Occasionally a feather-hatted, anxious-eyed woman. Uniformed attendants moved through the crowd, with short commands to "Stand back there!" "Don't holler!" "Get in line, my man!" The standees and hollerers obediently squeezed their bodies into smaller compass and their voices into hoarse discomfited whispers.

Our lawyer, being familiar with courtrooms and their inmates, glanced at the judge's throne and at the snaky queue that wound about the room, between the benches, and out into the corridor, and said: "Better get sworn right away and then I'll see what I can do." Mr. Q. looked faintly astonished at the idea that anything could be done to hasten the motions of justice, but professed himself willing to be sworn—a ceremony which consisted of pushing himself and his witnesses under the nose of a clerk in civil clothes, holding up his right hand, and saying "yes" to the rapid nasal abracadabra: "Dyuswearthateverythinyusayisthtruthth-wholetruthannuthinbutthtruthswelpyuGawd?" As we pressed through the mass of people between us and the door through which we had lately come we could hear the clerk repeating his curious formula at intervals along the line, we could see hands rise and drop, as he paused and passed quickly on.

Mr. Q. and I waited in the marble corridor while his lawyer buttonholed a uniform and appealed to it in low urgent tones. The face above the uniform was red, and

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decorated with tannish gray mustaches. Sucking meditatively at his facial ornament, the uniform pronounced that he'd look out for us, sure, just watch him, and nodded portentously and without a smile. Then he led us to an alcove near the judge's bench and again bade us watch him, which Mr. Q., for one, conscientiously did. The air was heavy. The stench of Leviathan was strong.

At long last there was a rustle and a stir different from the muffled noises of an impatient and discreet herd of human cattle. A hatchet-faced clerk pushed forward. There was a noisy cry of "Order in the court!" The hatchet face opened itself and shouted "Stand up!" crossly. The crowd straightened up, the few who were seated rose. The dusty royal purple curtains swung apart. His Honor appeared.

Mr. Q. looked at once relieved and dismayed. I gathered that he was glad to find that His Honor did not keep us waiting over an hour, and somewhat discomfited at beholding the majesty of the law in the person of a very large, very rotund, very rubicund gentleman, who wore his black silk as though it were ermine and who might be suspected of a quid of tobacco in one corner of his massive jaw.

I was delighted at the judge's arrival. I began to watch our uniformed friend with eager eyes. I felt that our moment had come. Mr. Q.'s lawyer, on the contrary, ignored the attendant completely, and planted his feet comfortably wide apart like a man preparing for a long ride in the subway, with all seats taken and no paper with which to solace himself. Mr. Q., making a slight movement preparatory to sitting down, was jerked up sharply by the hatchet face.

His Honor opened his mouth. I thought he would say, as graciously as might be in the face of his tardiness: "Gentlemen, be seated." He said nothing. He coughed. Then he leaned forward, balanced his palms carefully on the desk before him, and began to address the multitude.

It would be impossible to reproduce his speech without shorthand notes. It was too long, in the second place. In the first place, it was too incoherent. Roughly speaking, however, the general trend and logic of it was as follows:

"Gentlemen—Before you become citizens of our gurreat and glorious country, if I see that you are fit to be citizens, I want to say a few words to you about the wonderful privilege you are enjoying when you are allowed to become citizens.

"Centuries ago, gentlemen, it was the proudest boast that a man could make if he said he was a Roman citizen. I want to tell you that it is the proudest boast a man can make today if he can say that he is an American citizen. If the Roman empire was a rich and powerful and magnificent empire, the American empi—Republic is the richest and the most powerful and the grandest World Power that we have today. We have in this country the most Wonderful institootions, the most Wonderful statesmen, the most Wonderful privileges, and the most Wonderful Flag, gentlemen, of any country in the world. If anybody tells you different, you can know what he is. He's a crank. And he's a foreigner. He came here, like you foreigners came here, because he knew he was going to have the kind of chance here that he couldn't get anywhere else. Any boy can get to be President, no matter how poor his father was. Any man can get to be just as rich as Rockefeller in this country, because there ain't any aristocracy to stop him, if he really wants to. And if you become citizens of the United States I want you to tell those fellers where to get off. If this country isn't good enough for 'em—if it isn't good enough for you—you can get out. You can go back to where you came from.

"And you know what the Europeen countries are like. I spoke about Rome a minute ago. Rome was a grand empire, but look where it is today. And why? Because there was too much license over there. You hear a lot of talk about freedom. Maybe you talk about it yourselves: I hope you don't, but maybe you do. Well, too much freedom is just as bad as too much of the other thing. In fact, it's worse. What broke down the Roman empire? Too much freedom. Loose morals. Free love. There's a country in Europe today where the same thing happened all over again. It was a mighty empire. But all of a sudden the people there, who had always been complaining of tyranny, got freedom. And what happened? They're starving to death. Millions of 'em. Too much freedom.

"All this talk about free love, now. It ruined Rome. It ruined that other Europeen country. We don't want any of it over here. This poisonous doctrine of free love is at the root of the trouble. Free speech—free speech about free love—I tell you we don't want anything like that. We've got examples of what it leads to in Europe. Love dassn't be free. Every decent American knows that. Consider the family. The state is based on the family. What would become of it if we had free love? Why, this gurreat and gullorious Republic would go down just like Rome did, and the other Europeen countries.

"You've got to be moral. And you've got to understand the language. I don't care if you read the *Times* or the *Journal*. It don't make any difference to me. But you won't be able to answer them cranks and kickers if you don't read an American newspaper. Then you'll know what an honor it is to be a member of this Republic."

There was more, but in the midst of it even my fascinated attention wandered. I happened to glance at Mr. Q. A look that could only be described as one of amused and patient horror had settled on his countenance. Was this the process of becoming an American citizen or was *this* a *nightmare* after reading three serious weeklies? It was no nightmare. The judge had ceased. The crowd had been permitted to sit, after an hour of waiting for His Honor to appear and three quarters of an hour of waiting for him to conclude his address. Men were being summoned before the bench to answer in abashed voices His Honor's loud questions, to kiss the flag, and to depart—or to hear a sturdy "Not by me!" refusing them admittance to the rostrum of American citizens, and to depart. It was not our turn, but the uniform had bidden us watch him and was fulfilling the promise of showing his power. We were admitted before the judge some two hours after we had been asked to appear, and withal some two hours ahead of scores of others who had been in advance of us. Mr. Q. seemed somewhat hesitant about accepting this privilege, but his lawyer hastily pushed him forward, with a warning not to admit the damaging fact that he read fourteen languages, thirteen of which probably had a regrettable effect upon his morals. The question was asked most impressively whether he read an American newspaper. He admitted to the *Times*. The judge nodded benignly. Mr. Q. became a citizen, equal to his lawyer, myself, yea, and the judge, in his rights and duties. He did not, by some oversight, kiss the flag.

It was almost dusk. As we left the courthouse behind us we were forced to regard the ugliness and squalor of the streets. We were silent. We were three good American citizens.

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Vacation Thoughts

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

IN Washington, deserted by the President and his little band of faithful cronies who seek forgetfulness in the Elysian everglades of the serene South, I perceive certain shadows. They seem to be cast by coming woes of great magnitude.

Senators are quietly and profoundly considering the problem of "reservations" to the prospective resolution for the adhesion of the United States to the League of Nations International Court. Not all Senators have gone to Europe to observe the woes of the Europeans. Not all have gone home to their constituents. Some remain here in Washington doing chores for their constituents, visiting the executive departments on helpful errands, and contemplating and weaving the future.

The largest feature of that future is the parliamentary struggle over the International Court; and by the time the President has familiarized himself with Florida and has become acquainted with the enthusiasms of great audiences in our mighty West and has surveyed our national domain in Alaska and has returned to Washington equipped with a mandate from the approving populace, he will in all probability find a long line of innocent and insidious "reservations" all ready to walk into the International Court ratifying resolution and stand there till they sink it.

These little creatures can be taken on board—in each case—by a majority vote. Each of them will be only a natural and noble declaration of ancestral and immortal American principles of foreign policy from the Monroe Doctrine backwards toward Plymouth Rock and downwards toward Hiram Johnson. Together—when once they are all of them on board—they will cause the United States to enter the International Court in just about the sense in which a lady enters the house when her footman dashes to the door and leaves her card and dashes away.

Such is the prospect. It may change. Today it would justify a wager that when the completed and perfected International Court ratifying resolution is at last in the final stage of its career through the Senate and is in need of a two-thirds vote for its final adoption, it will give us what might be called a non-resident membership in a court which in turn is said to have a non-resident membership in the League of Nations which in turn has a non-resident interest in the chief quarrels of Europe's chief Powers; and we shall be just as far away as ever from Mr. Harding's project of world-wide American leadership in a universal "association of nations."

This is a considerable woe. The effort to make our adhesion to the International Court into a semblance of a long step toward international organized justice and toward submission to that justice by the United States seems likely to be dissipated and evaporated by "reservations" which will traditionally and automatically but at the same time extremely plainly declare the utter sovereign independence of the United States from all submissions to any and all international acts tainted with the flavor of participation in them by foreigners.

In international affairs the "isolationists" will have their barbed-wire fences all strung for Mr. Harding when he returns. In domestic affairs the tariff reformers and the railroad reformers will be vigilantly ready to welcome him to a winter of worry; and just as the farm bloc settled its accounts with him in the last Congress, so the labor bloc will advance to settle its accounts with him in the next one.

Within the Tariff Commission in Washington today there are the shadows of an impending tariff revolution in America. The majority of the members of the commission are keen to inquire into the costs of production—at home and abroad—of all the chief commodities mentioned in the dutiable list of the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Bill in order to give the President the information which he will need in revising the duties of the Fordney-McCumber bill up or down in such a manner as to "equalize" the competition between producers in the United States and producers in the "principal competing country" in accordance with the bold provisions of Section 315 of Mr. Fordney's and Mr. McCumber's tariff performance.

Two members of the commission—one of them formerly associated with the uncompromising protectionist activities of the Home Market Club and the other formerly associated with the equally uncompromising protectionist activities of the pottery industry—are resisting this impulse. Mr. Harding has resisted the impulse to settle the dispute and has postponed his consideration of it to a more convenient season.

Numerous industrial interests, however, are now as interested in the developing of export trade and therefore in a judicious revising of American tariff duties toward a lower level as they used to be in maintaining a self-sufficient home market and therefore in raising our tariff duties to a level higher and higher.

The clash thus portended between the rigid tariff Republicanism of yesterday and the flexible tariff Republicanism of tomorrow seems likely to be upon us in torrents of controversy by the time the President sends his message to the next Congress next December.

Simultaneously the labor bloc will make its first actual appearance on the national legislative stage in its role of little brother to its big sister the farm bloc. The theme of their duet will be the Esch-Cummins transportation law.

The alliance last November between labor and agriculture at the polls in our Northwestern States was only in theory an alliance for the general reformation of all outdoors. In practice it was definitely a convergence between aggrieved railroad employees and aggrieved agricultural railroad shippers against the railroad managements and against the legislation which made Mr. Cummins so unpopular in Iowa that he could not prevent the election of Mr. Brookhart to the Senate, and which made Mr. Esch so unpopular in Wisconsin that instead of being a Congressman he is now a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

A year ago Mr. Harding was about to provide some new teeth for the Railroad Labor Board part of the Esch-Cummins law. Today the anaesthetics and forceps and lancets are all in preparation for extracting most of whatever teeth the Esch-Cummins law may already have and for exploring the sources of the grievous ills which it is supposed to diffuse through the veins of the country.

Painful reservations to the International Court resolution, painful revisions of the schedules of the Fordney-McCumber tariff law, painful amendments to the Esch-Cummins transportation law—those are the principal events that cast their next winter's shadows on Washington's present apparent vacation.

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Spring Fashions in Paris

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Ernest Renan

By ANATOLE FRANCE

(*Written for* The Nation *at La Bêchellerie, Touraine, February 27, 1923—the one-hundredth anniversary of Renan's birth.*)

QUAND j'ai eu l'honneur de le connaître, Ernest Renan présentait l'aspect d'un homme robuste, envahi par la graisse, et qui se mouvait péniblement. Son ventre était énorme et placé bizarrement sur le côté droit. Son visage restait beau bien que d'une dimension démesurée. Un sourire bienveillant l'animait. Ses yeux d'un gris très pâle rassuraient les visiteurs qui d'abord se troublaient devant un si grand homme.

Toute sa personne respirait la majesté et la bonté. Cet embonpoint qui en avait fait un vieillard impotent à l'âge de soixante ans, il ne l'avait jamais combattu. Il avait travaillé depuis sa jeunesse, tous les jours du matin au soir et n'avait donné aucun moment de sa vie à l'hygiène et aux exercices du corps. Assis, il était magnifique. Jamais homme ne fut plus simple que lui, et sa simplicité était empreinte de grandeur. Il prenait soin de retrancher de sa parole tout ce qui aurait trahi en lui l'art de dire qu'il possédait au plus haut point. Il hésitait parfois, se reprenait même, employait les termes les moins recherchés, non par nécessité, mais pour paraître simple et semblable aux autres hommes. C'est après les diners auxquels il venait que j'ai entendu ses conversations les plus instructives et les plus aimables.

Un soir, il nous parla de Racine. Il se demanda pourquoi le poète qui avait connu des femmes de théâtre charmantes comme la Duparc et la Champmeslé et qui était très porté à la volupté, s'étant marié, devint un bon mari, un mari tendre et fidèle. Et il fit la reponse aussitot:

"C'est," dit-il, "parce qu'il épousa une janseniste. Les dames jansenistes ont des moyens de séduction plus puissants, plus irrésistibles, que les coquettes, que les femmes du monde, que les femmes de théâtre."

"Lesquels, Monsieur Renan?"

"Une chasteté poussée à l'extrême limite, une chasteté qui fait d'elles des anges. C'est irrésistible!"

Si j'ai choisi ce propos entre plusieurs, entre beaucoup, pour le rapporter, c'est qu'il donne un aperçu du caractère de Renan qu'on n'a pas toujours saisi. L'idée des séductions de Madame Racine, telles que l'auteur de la "Vie de Jésus" la comprend, n'est pas entièrement opposée à celui qui a dit dans "Esther":

De l'aimable vertu doux et puissants attraits!

Néanmoins cette idée me semble trahir chez Renan un peu de candeur et une certaine ingénuité. J'en fais la remarque parce qu'on a été parfois tenté de prêter à Renan vieilli non point de la perversité, mais peut-être un goût de volupté qui avait couronné son front chenu des roses d'Anacréon. Pour moi je n'ai jamais observé chez ce grand vieillard rien de semblable.

Il n'était nullement ennemi de la société polie. Il frequentait volontiers les salons élégants. Mais il y gardait une réserve qui convenait à son état et à son âge.

Il avouait lui-même, à ses amis, que, s'étant engagé dans les ordres et préparé à la vie religieuse, il estimait devoir garder dans ses mœurs une certaine austerité.

Cette austerité se conciliat chez lui à un enjouement plein de grâce.

TRANSLATION

WHEN I had the honor of knowing him Ernest Renan gave the impression of a robust man attacked by fat, who moved with difficulty. He had an enormous stomach, curiously placed upon his right side. His face remained handsome despite its extraordinary size. A benevolent smile gave life to it. His eyes, of a very pale gray, reassured visitors who were at first uneasy in the presence of so great a man.

His entire person breathed majesty and kindness. He had never fought this embonpoint which had made him an impotent old man at sixty. He had worked since his youth, every day, from morning to evening, and had never given a moment of his life to hygiene or to physical exercise. Seated, he was magnificent. There never was a simpler man than he, and his simplicity was stamped with greatness. He took pains to omit from his language anything which might have betrayed in him that art of speech which he possessed in the highest degree. Sometimes he hesitated, even corrected himself, used less affected terms, not because it was necessary, but to appear simple and like other men. It was after the dinners which he attended that I heard his most instructive and gracious conversation.

One evening he talked to us of Racine. He wondered why the poet who had known charming actresses like Duparc and Champmeslé, and who was much inclined to voluptuousness, when married became a good husband, a tender and faithful husband. And he gave the answer at once:

"It was," he said, "because he married a Jansenist. Jansenist women have more powerful, more irresistible charms than coquettish women, than fashionable women, than women of the theater."

"What are they, Monsieur Renan?"

"Purity carried to the extreme, a purity which makes angels of them. It is irresistible!"

If I have chosen this for repetition from among many, many other remarks, it is because it gives a glimpse of Renan's character which has not always been understood. The idea of the charms of Madame Racine as conceived by the author of the "Life of Jesus" is not entirely opposed to that of the man who wrote in "Esther":

How sweet the charm of loveliness and virtue!

Nevertheless this conception seems to me to reveal in Renan a little candor and a certain ingenuousness. I note it because people are sometimes tempted to attribute to Renan in his old age if not perversity at least a taste for voluptuousness which crowned his hoary brow with the roses of Anacreon. For myself, I never observed anything of the sort in the grand old man.

He was not at all the enemy of polite society. He was glad to frequent the elegant salons. But when there he maintained a reserve becoming his position and his age. He himself admitted to his friends that having taken orders and prepared for a religious life he considered it his duty to maintain in his habits a certain austerity. This austerity was combined in him with a playfulness which was full of grace.

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In the Driftway

TWENTY-TWO Labor members of Parliament have publicly protested because Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has twice dined with the King. Now the Drifter is bound to say that when he reads that at the dinner at Buckingham Palace "the stewards and footmen-in-waiting wore scarlet coats with gold epaulets, knee breeches, white hose and low shoes and powdered hair," and that "the band of the Irish Guards played during and after the dinner" nothing would have given him more pleasure than to be in Mr. MacDonald's place. Labor M. P.'s of course are made of sterner stuff and take no childish delight in these trappings of a departed age; so it could not have been a touch of envy which prompted the protest. The Drifter has no doubt that if certain members of the Labor Party were bidden to dine with the King they would promptly decline, but this action would not necessarily make them better labor men, nor does Mr. MacDonald's action in accepting mean that he has sold his birthright for a mess of royal pottage.

* * * * *

MUCH has been made of the fact that Mr. MacDonald seemed at home in formal dinner attire, as if a long-tailed coat must perforce mean a turncoat. Now, if the King were to put on miner's clothes and descend into the mines as a laborer he would be a better King; why may it not also follow that Mr. MacDonald is a better labor leader for breaking bread with the gentry, attired in their style of clothes—particularly when it is remembered that Mr. MacDonald is indubitably a far better gentleman than the King would be a miner. It is probable that the Labor M.P.'s are suffering from somewhat the same disease, though in a less repellent form, that gnaws at Mr. Sumner and his colleagues of the Vice Society. It is a distaste for experience, even for knowledge. It makes its victims say: "Watch out there! You're only a poor weak mortal and if you learn things that weren't meant for you to know you'll get into trouble." Now, the Drifter is a mild person and dislikes positive statement; he would hate to have to choose between going to the guillotine and changing his opinions, because he suspects that the guillotine might wait a long time for him. But there is one thing about which he is fairly sure: more people have been injured through want of experience than through experience itself.

* * * * *

OF course the most curious part of any of these controversies is that no one thinks to inquire whether the offending party is pleased or not. Who knows the King's feelings about having to dine with members of Parliament? Indeed, how can a Labor M.P. say that the King would not greatly prefer the life of a small-town merchant or a not-too-hard-working farmer to his own highly laborious job of being a public figure every minute of every day throughout his life? It is altogether possible that the King considers himself the laborer—perhaps he even yearns to join the Labor Party—and that he invites Mr. MacDonald as a fellow-toiler. If the day ever comes when Mr. MacDonald becomes leader of his Majesty's Government instead of his Majesty's Opposition, perhaps the first conference between King and Prime Minister will be over the question of establishing an eight-hour day for kings.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

An Artist to the Rescue

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a recent issue you called for volunteers who would adopt Russian children, retaining or rather, maintaining them in Russia. Will you send me a blank that I may fill out, as I should like to put myself down for four children?

New York, March 1 ALMA GLUCK ZIMBALIST

Christian Peril or Western Peril?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Lowe Chuan-hwa's article in *The Nation* for February 7, entitled The Christian Peril in China, contains much that is true and much that is either false or misleading. Only a few of the latter factors can here be considered.

1. The very fact that Western nations in their forcible dealings with China have flouted Christian principles constitutes an urgent reason not for abandoning but for promoting the missionary enterprise. Must our relations with China be conducted solely by those who deride Christian principles? Are only the non-Christian elements of our Western nationality to be allowed to show themselves? "The missionary enterprise is the one indisputably Christian flag flying at present. . . . Here is our substitute for the way of war actually at work; here is the other way which we are being challenged to show." Relations between East and West cannot be improved by ruling out all redeeming features.

2. The fact that China's Confucian ethics and her ancient religion of nature worship and ancestor worship have lasted for over 3,000 years affords no indication that they can meet the needs of educated Young China today or that the Christian religion, already well established in China, will not endure. The relative value of the two systems will be tested by the future and not by the past.

3. Christianity, it is true, has appeared in China as one feature of a dominating Western civilization. But nowhere in the history of religion has *secular* pressure been of less consequence, for in China force has never been used to advance *Christianity as such*, nor have the advantages of Western civilization ever been contingent upon religious conversion. Indeed, Chinese contact with Western governments has been a detriment rather than an aid to Christianization. For the number of Protestant Christians alone, during a century of greedy and violent Western aggression, to have increased from zero to 400,000 shows that Christianity must have been judged on its own religious merits.

4. As to missionary schools and colleges, Mr. Lowe ignores or suppresses the following significant facts: In these institutions there is no compulsion whatever upon non-Christians to accept Christianity. Every academic honor and advantage is open to the non-Christian. Furthermore, the same type of training is offered by hundreds of government institutions. In short, it is not necessary to become a Christian in order to receive a Western education.

5. It is flatly untrue that "the enormous majority of converts have become nominal Christians merely as a means to secure foreign money, education, or support." Since "the enormous majority of converts" receive no foreign money or support whatever and contribute increasing amounts to the support of their own churches, it is to be hoped that this stale slander will eventually cease to be thought worth repeating.

6. The missionaries, accused of "making China misunderstood," are actually the most powerful present factor in *raising* American opinion of China and the strongest element now operating to interpret to the West what is best in the East.

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7. Mr. Lowe's title should have been The *Western* Peril in China. The menace lies not in Christianity, but in modern civilization *minus* Christianity. Dangerous as are some Western governments, China concedes her greatest peril to be her well-known non-Christian neighbor Japan.

Cambridge, Mass., February 28 JAMES THAYER ADDISON

Peace-Time Spying Abolished

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just received from the adjutant general of the army a really excellent order which seems to have been inspired by your exposure of Lieutenant Long, intelligence officer at Vancouver Barracks, Washington, and of his theory that the "primary purpose" of the intelligence service was to spy on radicals. I noted Secretary Weeks's reply to your exposure; this is better still. It is encouraging to find the War Department insisting that peace-time espionage is "most obnoxious."

Boston, March 15 RESERVE OFFICER

UNAUTHORIZED INVESTIGATIONAL ACTIVITIES OF OFFICERS OF MI-ORC

1. It has come to the notice of the War Department that there exists among some officers of the Military Intelligence Section, Officers' Reserve Corps, a misapprehension with regard to their appropriate functions in time of peace. It appears, in particular, that certain officers have interpreted their appointments in the Military Intelligence Section as conferring upon them the authority to conduct investigations upon their own initiative, and by such activities have caused embarrassment to the War Department. You are, therefore, advised that it is in no way a peace-time activity of the Military Intelligence Division to investigate individuals or groups within the United States. Such duties in time of peace are functions of the civil authorities. A secret military police operating in time of peace is most obnoxious to all American people. Stringent instructions have been issued to all Corps Area Commanders forbidding any activities which might in the slightest degree savor of military espionage in connection with our own people.

2. With a view to the correction of the misapprehension mentioned and to the future prevention of unauthorized investigational activities the attention of all concerned is directed to the following:

(a) The mere fact of appointment in the Military Intelligence Section, Officers' Reserve Corps, does not in any way authorize such officers to engage in investigations.

(b) In their official capacity as such, officers holding commissions in the Military Intelligence Section, Officers' Reserve Corps, will not engage in any investigational activity whatsoever unless specifically assigned to such duty by the War Department.

(c) Such officers are not authorized to take advantage of their commissions in order to further any unofficial investigation in which they may be engaged.

By order of the Secretary of War:

H. H. PFELL, Adjutant General

A Breeding-Place of Democracy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The soundest and most promising line to follow in attempting to build up a possible new era in Germany is that of democratic education. With this belief in mind, Prince Max of Baden, one of the leading figures in the progress of German democracy, has placed part of his beautiful old castle Salem, situated near the Lake of Constance, at the disposal of a school community. A group of liberal-minded men and women, with a wide range of experience, including work in England and America, are trying to develop there a type of citizen that will set a standard of reliability, unselfish cooperation, disinterestedness, and helpful, constructive use of their criticism. The community life, with its various responsibilities, is designed to strengthen those qualities that will fit the children to be leaders in their spheres, and some of them, if possible, leaders in the public life of their country.

Under the present situation of general turmoil in Germany, an education that shall be the starting-point from which to overcome the threatening danger of extreme radicalism as well as of extreme reaction can only be carried out in a sheltered island, where the children's minds will not be poisoned from the very outset with political, racial, or national hatreds. In Salem such remoteness is sought from the poisonous influence of a collapsing social organization, while at the same time close contact with all human and industrial activities of the neighborhood is developed. The school works a small farm on land partly given by the peasant neighbors for work done on their land in return. The artisans of the neighborhood teach the children their crafts in their own workshops, some dating back to the days when the castle was still a monastery and the monks did their beautiful craftswork there. Some of the artisans in return join the mathematics and singing classes of the children.

The school fees vary according to the economic situation of the parents. But under the present devaluation of the German mark these fees, however high they may sound to German ears, mean next to nothing for the support of the school, so that it can only survive these next difficult and critical years with help from abroad. At present, refugee children, for instance, who for all reasons should be admitted, cannot be taken for lack of a bedstead or a blanket. Paper, ink, and books have become such luxuries that it threatens seriously to hamper school work.

Help will be needed if this encouraging experiment in democratic education is not to fail.

New York, February 20 MARINA EWALD

The Truth About Reed College

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Serious misstatements concerning Reed College are made in Mr. Chapman's article on Oregon, in your issue of February 7. The facts are as follows:

1. Reed College plays no intercollegiate athletic contests with the exception of sporadic tennis and track matches; its athletic policy is unchanged from its original form: it is a "football" college only in the fact that all of its students take regular recreation in some form of sport.

2. I have had the privilege of teaching in six institutions of higher learning in various parts of the country: I have yet to meet a student body more eager to profit by every resource the college can offer. If there is any change in the maxim of the first president of Reed—"college students are there to study"—it is only that the maxim has become the watchword of the students themselves.

3. I have yet to hear of any institution of which Reed College is an "obsequious imitation." The college is still loyal to the original principles of a community social life without fraternities, and a community athletic life without intercollegiate contests. Under the new administration the college seems to be making still another original move, this time in the vital problem of the undergraduate curriculum. (See Reed College Bulletin, January, 1923.)

I hold no brief for Reed College. I am here as a visiting instructor from a distant university. I am telling what my eyes have seen and my ears heard and, like Petrarch of old, "Io parlo per ver dire."

Portland, February 20 BENJAMIN MATHER WOODBRIDGE

What America Has Done for the Jew

by Johan J. Smertenko

will appear in *The Nation* for

April 11, 1923

This is the fourth article in a series on The Jew in America. Previous articles have appeared as follows:

What Is a Jew? by Prof. Roland B. Dixon of Harvard in *The Nation* for February 21.

The Roots of Anti-Semitism, by Horace M. Kallen in *The Nation* for February 28.

Is America Anti-Semitic? by Lewis S. Gannett in *The Nation* for March 21.

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A Little Nun

By EDITH LOOMIS

A little nun in habit white,
Gazed at the noon-bright skies.
"The only blue that I may wear,
Is in my eyes."

A little nun in habit gray,
Stooped to a flower's grace.
"The only beauty I may show,
Is in my face."

A little nun in habit black,
Yearned toward the sunset's red.
Said she: "I'll have a flame-pink cloud
When I am dead."

Books

Novelist and Prophet

Many Marriages. By Sherwood Anderson. B. W. Huebsch, Inc. $2.

OUT of a thousand small and dusty and monotonous lives there has come to Sherwood Anderson a vision of salvation. People no longer lose themselves in God; shopkeepers and manufacturers and workingmen will not and cannot lose themselves in nature or in art. And so they have no ecstasy, which is but another name for salvation; they have no chance of either losing the self or affirming the self, and their lives are ugly and barren beyond measure. The consciousness of this deep damnation which is like a living death, a death of the soul as well as of the body, pounds at the gates of Mr. Anderson's mind. He raises a prophetic and passionate cry against the sloth of our hearts, the atrophy of our senses, the cowardice of our thoughts.

We are, according to him, imprisoned within false selves. We live in prisons not of our own building. We wonder at these selves and these prisons in dumb endurance. Our wills are crippled. If once men and women would but step out of these selves and prisons—out into the sunlight of the real world, out into the infinite possibilities of human contacts and relationships, out into a society of comradeship and love! We must first discount the "trick words that are always fooling people, forcing people into false positions"; we must live with the truth; we must make the flesh sacred; we must come out of houses and shops and factories and become confessors of the life more abundant and free, even as the saints of old became confessors of another kind of life which, they believed, would lead to salvation.

People will say, as they have been saying, that Mr. Anderson is "obsessed by sex." They abstract sex from the totality of life and experience. They to whom sex is a taboo think that to Mr. Anderson it is a fetish. They do not realize that he is on the farther side of both taboo and fetish. Experience is not to be divided and labeled. Mr. Anderson wants man to function fully and freely and beautifully—with the total power of experience that he has.

His hope, his dream, his ardor are not new. He expresses them with a kind of dumb and struggling intensity, with a terrible labor and tug of mind. But if his vision is not new, it may perhaps be said that it has never before been so widespread or so fiercely embraced as today. So that he speaks for many who cannot or who dare not speak. He speaks for them in a very direct and literal sense; he helps to lift from them the burden of their helplessness and their woe. In a hundred rooms and shops and by many roadsides his pages will be read and pondered with a strange lifting of the heart, with a deep sense of at least inner liberation.

The anguish and intensity behind the book have warped the story. Mr. Anderson has sought to make his fable at once real and symbolical. But, like Dreiser, he has no felicity of vision or of touch. He lapses into needless excesses of speech and episode. His symbols are grotesque, unconsciously grotesque. They have no inevitable fitness and so no carrying power. It is only the author's terrible earnestness that saves the strange and confused things that his John Webster does from utter absurdity and futility; it is only the unanswerable conviction of the saving truth that is always lurking among these grotesque and wavering shadows. Webster is, after all, more a man than a symbol. He is never Everyman. He always remains, despite his awakening, the Wisconsin manufacturer of washing-machines. So we apply, instinctively, the criterion of reality. And by that criterion the story, as a human story, crumbles under our very eyes. We do not believe in the rituals by which Webster sought to show forth the way of salvation that he had found; we do not for a moment credit Mr. Anderson's very conscious hints that John Webster is going to become a writer of books; we are tempted to ask—at the risk of Mr. Anderson's thinking the question both stupid and vulgar—on what, after their flight, John Webster and Natalie were to live? Also where, in such a world as the present, they were to live? Yes, these questions must be asked. With them that particular way of salvation is implicated. A doctrinaire would say: You cannot reshape the moral life of mankind until you have measurably reshaped its economic life and so its social structure. The doctrinaire's words are worth pondering. These considerations are not secondary. They do not rob "Many Marriages" of its bitter strength, its moments of high and prophetic beauty, its cleaving insight. The book is imperfect, ragged, absurd, at moments dull; it is also electrically alive, tragic, stirring, memorable. L. L.

Underneath the Paint in Jacob's Room

Jacob's Room. By Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

Paint. By Thomas Craven. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

THE art of painting, on the whole, seems to be animated by a swifter boldness than that of literature, and is less inclined to consolidate its victories and to remain timidly within the conquered realm of blended content and expression. The impressionists, headed by Monet, flourished in painting many decades ago, but the impressionists in English literature have only arrived during the past four or five years. The recent revolts in literature—the Dadaists and expressionists—have attained more intensity and publicity than numbers and influence, and have, after all, dominated only one-hundredth of the output in contemporary literature, while the rebellions in painting have gained a larger and more commanding position. In addition, the work of cubist painters has been far more important than that of the literary Dadaists and has attained a greater precision and sureness. On the whole, the art of painting has been sturdier and less uncertain than its rival, the belated impressionist school in literature.

Ironically enough, the founder of this method, Dorothy Richardson, has been practically ignored, while her lesser imitators are reveling in the praise of myopic critics, and among these imitators Virginia Woolf flourishes. Her novel, "Jacob's Room," is a rambling, redundant affair, in which the commonplace details and motives of ordinary people are divided and subdivided until they form a series of atoms, and the author's speculations upon these atoms have the volubility of conversation in a drawing-room. Mrs. Woolf does not seem to believe that anything should be omitted, and lingers over the little, everyday motives and waking impulses of her undistinguished people, and the significance held by the hosts of inanimate objects which these people touch and see. The result is frequently an endless parade of

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details that grow more and more uninteresting, proceeding in an impulsive fashion and darting here and there with indefatigable minuteness. The following passage is an apt illustration:

"Let us consider letters—how they come at breakfast and at night, with their yellow stamps and their green stamps, immortalized by the post-mark—for to see one's own envelope on another's table is to realize how soon deeds sever and become alien. Then at last the power of the mind to quit the body is manifest and perhaps we fear or hate or wish annihilated this phantom of ourselves, lying on the table. Still, there are letters that merely say how dinner's at seven; others ordering coal; making appointments. The hand in them is scarcely perceptible, let alone the voice or the scowl. . . ."

So far the analysis has been diverting, although the author might have realized that I would be well acquainted with the customary times of arrival and the color of the stamps, but, alas, the subject has only commenced! For another eight hundred words or more I am to read all about letters and every possible shade of meaning attached to them. "This is just like life," as one critic wrote in praise of "Jacob's Room," but I do not approach the novel for a verbatim account of life and I am more intrigued by a condensation that displays only the salient items. There are too many moderately subtle stenographers in literature at present. "Jacob's Room" revolves jerkily around the figure of Jacob Flanders, from his boyhood to his death in the late World War, while still a young man. His groping for thoughts, emotions, and prejudices, and his occasional affairs with blithely shallow women, reveal him as an average young man, half pathetic and half ludicrous, but he is advanced with such a microscopical effusiveness and with so many irrelevant details that one is tempted to mutter: "I see and meet at least fifty Jacob Flanders every month of my life, and if the introduction must be repeated it should hold a brevity and suggestiveness which these actual men do not possess."

This was substantially my reaction as I turned from "Jacob's Room" to "Paint," a novel by Thomas Craven. The transformation held electricity. This novel is one of the most tersely sardonic and fearlessly bitter prose creations that I have ever read. The merry little apostles of sunshine, who find that life at bottom is a brave and satisfying affair, will detest this novel, for it insists that life on the whole is a cheap and inane confusion—one that forever seeks to slander, deride, and ignore the few exceptional creators who struggle to shape their individual interpretations of form and content. It deals with a poverty-stricken artist, Carlock, who has returned to America in his thirtieth year after an eight-year stay in Paris. He is immersed in a new method of painting—a bold, half-cubistic, massive method, which takes on the guise of a distorted joke to the "critics," artists, and patrons around him. Savagely frank and independent, and devoid of business shrewdness, he refuses to flatter and bow to art patrons and dealers, and his life in consequence becomes a drab and crushing Hades. Art dealers swindle him; artists and critics hate his candid, ironical tongue; and art patrons view him at a horrified distance. He lives through the mercy of a prostitute whom he has accidentally picked up on the street while searching for a model. She poses for him; gives him part of her earnings; performs his household tasks; and is the only being who believes in his art. He is willing to accept any insult and privation in the pursuit of his artistic methods—an aesthetic fanatic, to whom art is a massive religion. The end of his struggle is inevitable—death on a sick-bed, with no one interested in him save the prostitute and an intelligent young pupil of his.

This novel is crudely written in parts, and hastily molded in others, but it holds a vicious strength and concentration that is far removed from the deftly garrulous, thinly sad descriptions and meditations of "Jacob's Room." Those who like "Jacob's Room" will not be overresponsive to Mr. Craven's novel, and the reason is that few people care to see life struck by an accurate and unpitying sledgehammer. The result is somewhat injurious to their various complacencies.

MAXWELL BODENHEIM

Bonapartism

Napoleon from the Tuileries to St. Helena: Personal Recollections of the Emperor's Second Mameluke and Valet. By Louis Etienne St. Denis (known as *Ali*). Translation from the French and Notes by Frank Potter. With an Introduction by Professor G. Michaut, of the Sorbonne. Harper and Brothers. $3.

The Second Empire. By Philip Guedalla. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.

IF the "Recollections" of Ali do nothing else they at least furnish the exception which proves the rule that no man is a hero to his own valet. And such a valet as Louis Etienne Saint Denis was! Surely, no one but a man who had the soul of a valet could have written such a book. Detail follows detail regarding the arrangement and furnishings of the Emperor's rooms, the clothes the Emperor wore, the mummery of imperial table etiquette, and other minutiae of the daily routine. Sometimes we are allowed to learn what Napoleon said or did on certain occasions, but always provided it is of no importance. If it is important, Ali can be depended upon, like a good servant, to be discreetly silent. Nevertheless, if for no other reason than that he was close to Napoleon on several great occasions—the retreat from Moscow, the return from Elba, the surrender to the Bellerophon, and the last days of "the father"—the work is of some historical value. What little he does say that any but an antiquarian would be interested in is more to be depended upon than most memoirs written, as these were, perhaps twenty years after the events of which they tell; for whenever St. Denis's memory is vague he candidly admits it.

These "Recollections" of Ali were brought to light only recently through the efforts of Professor Michaut, the husband of his great-granddaughter. Had they been published immediately after their composition, they would have added to the many books that helped to create the Napoleonic legend and paved the way for Napoleon III. One wonders what Mr. Guedalla in his "Second Empire" would have said of them if he had had an opportunity to read them before his own book went to press. For Guedalla is hard, unduly hard, upon the Napoleonic legend. He wishes it understood that it was the result of a deliberate perversion of the facts, a conscious attempt by the group at St. Helena to create a Bonapartist martyrology. And here is St. Denis's book which presents the same reverent view of Napoleon and which nevertheless no one made any attempt to have published until Bonapartes and Bonapartism were cold and dead. The fact is that there is a good deal of truth to the Napoleonic legend, truth worthy of respectful consideration.

But one can easily understand why Mr. Guedalla pokes fun at Bonapartism. He is fond of the burlesque. Although he does not mention it in his splendid bibliography, one suspects that he used Mr. Punch as a source of several of his ideas. Napoleon III with his family traditions and melodramatic career offers a facile target for the jabs and twists of the author's pointed stylus. Indeed, occasionally the details of treaties, constitutions, etc., which a biography of the Second Emperor (for such this book really is) ought to discuss, are omitted, simply, one feels, because they give no scope to Mr. Guedalla's satirical wit. To be sure, in paying too much attention to the personality of Napoléon-le-Petit and not enough to the drift of contemporary politics, he leaves one with the impression that his hero actually created the opportunities that came his way and was therefore essentially a great man. But if that impression is made, it is through no intention of the author. He never forgets that he is dealing with a character of comic opera. The phrase *opéra bouffe* occurs with frequency, but it is only one of a number borrowed from stage jargon. Everybody of any importance sooner or later "strikes an attitude" or makes a "gesture" of one kind or another; and those who are to appear on the scene in 1870 are sure to have already cast an "ominous" shadow or betokened an "omen" somewhere earlier in the book.

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But after these things have been said, there is nothing left to do but to praise Mr. Guedalla's excellent study. He has made a book that is not only interesting but brilliant. If the parenthetical asides come annoyingly thick and fast toward the close of the story, one must admit that they are appropriate. If the humor is sometimes strained (there is one unpardonable pun on p. 104), most of the time it is really witty and pregnant with meaning. The author not only has given a clear picture of the political development of the period he discusses, but has succeeded in making the time live again with its art, its literature, its music. He takes you to the first performance of "Tannhäuser" in Paris, along with Napoleon and Ollivier, in an atmosphere of political intrigue. He tells you not only what Bismarck, Cavour, and Thiers thought of the political situation, but also what Hugo, George Sand, and Elizabeth Browning thought of that and other things. He shows you that the struggle was not alone one of radicals with conservatives in politics, but of a younger generation with an older generation in ideas, and of Romanticists with Parnassians in literature. And all this is so subtly presented that one gets pictures rather than arid facts and so well fused that one sees the events of Napoleon's life as parts of their own setting rather than as detached episodes in a chronicle. Despite all the amusement that Guedalla and his readers have at the expense of the third Napoleon, one is left with a feeling of tender commiseration for the broken old Emperor and his pretty spouse. The biographer has written a telling story of human tragedy and has proved that truth is both stranger and more interesting than fiction.

LOUIS R. GOTTSCHALK.

The Black Brother

Nigger. By Clement Wood. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

ABOUT a year ago something of a stir was caused in the world of books by the publication of "Birthright" by T. S. Stribling and "White and Black" by H. A. Shands: the former an inadequate novel on the Negro problem, the other better, yet far from adequate. Now comes "Nigger" by Clement Wood, and his is a distinct advance on the two novels already noted. It is perhaps natural that Mr. Wood's intimate knowledge of the brutality and viciousness and depravity of the white South and the consequent brutalization of the Negroes who are the victims of that dehumanizing system should have given him so hopeless an outlook on the race problem. Cultured and educated far beyond the standards of his native Alabama, he sees little hope for the Negro or the white South. As a result we are given in "Nigger" as in Mr. Wood's former novel of the South, "Mountain," a gloomy picture of white and black folk alike.

"Nigger" is, in brief, the story of three generations of Negroes in Alabama, the representative of the first a slave, his children and grandchildren free. Theirs is the age-long struggle against oppression, ignorance, stupidity, and vicious race prejudice. With consummate artistry and economy of words Mr. Wood depicts the flight of Jake and his family to Birmingham to escape a mob; their struggles to penetrate or circumnavigate, each in his own way, the oppression which confronts the black man in the South; their defeat, one after the other, like tenpins in a bowling alley; the death of Jake and his wife and Jake's bitter realization that the only place a Negro can get justice and happiness is in Heaven. It is a big theme. Mr. Wood handles it in a big way. His is the objective manner and he has mastered it amazingly. He is like an expert pipe organist who pulls out all the stops and revels in rich harmonies of bass chords—the chords of thunderous tragedy and pain and sorrow.

Unfortunately, every story about the Negro is, as yet, symbolical. Hugh Wiley writes of a carefree, dice-shooting Wildcat and his goat, Lily, and the average American is all too prone in his ignorance to say, "*There* is the typical Negro!" Thomas Dixon writes of a black rapist or a "good old nigger" and his untrue picture is held up as an unfailing representation of eleven million people. I do not mention Clement Wood in the same breath as those two. Yet the average American who reads "Nigger" will never suspect that, in spite of all his handicaps, the Negro in America has made more rapid progress than any other group in history in a similar period. Had Clement Wood permitted but one of his characters to catch a glimpse, however fleeting, of that vision which has enabled the Negro to live on when hope seemed gone; had he but let some ray of light penetrate the murky shadows; had he but given to his readers some slight intimation of the powerful forces which are moving the South, and especially the black South, today he would have given us a novel which, if not truly great, would have been nearer the mark than "Nigger." He knows the South, he knows the Negro externally, and, nearer than any other white writer that has come out of the South, he knows the inner workings of the Negro mind. "Nigger" is not a great novel but it has many of the elements of greatness. Powerful, moving, convincing, it paints a dolorous and pessimistic picture. Yet, if this great problem which Mr. Wood knows so well could be seen in the stark, brutal outlines he gives, public opinion would rise in indignation to correct the evils. Thus "Nigger" is more than a novel—it is a document.

WALTER WHITE

The Other America

The Real South America. By Charles Domville-Fife. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

THIS is an irritating, often incoherent, but moderately interesting book. The author was at one time correspondent of the London *Times* in South America, and in addition to three other books on South America, he has written on such diverse topics as submarines and mental science, devoting five volumes to the former subject and one to the latter. It is the third division alone of the present book which consists of anything like orderly narrative, and is the basis for the title of the whole work, since it deals with the frontiers of civilization and almost unexplored regions of the great South American jungle. The remainder is an odd mixture, for the most part, of scraps of information and snatches of impression or personal experience, mechanically pressed together and served up between bright red covers.

In his introduction the author maintains that it is simply love of adventure that has brought modern Americans and other aggressive races to South America, as it did the Spanish *conquistadores.* An important matter noted by the author is, that "the comparatively low price of rubber in the markets of Europe and North America during recent years has done more than anything else to destroy the incentive for slave raiding and enforced labor in the Amazonian forest." His account of the Free State of Counani, a republic suppressed by France and Brazil, is a novel episode in recent history which has not, perhaps, received the attention it deserves.

As former representative of the London *Times,* his view of the influence of the Monroe Doctrine on civilization in the Southern continent is mildly significant: "Without making an attack upon the excellent principle of the Monroe Doctrine," he asserts, "it must be pointed out that if good comes out of evil, evil often comes out of good. The entire absence of the incentives of territorial expansion has robbed this portion of the New World of a century's advancement. Instead of an able white administration, and a consequent cleansing like that which has taken place in British Africa and in the American Panama Canal Zone, there has been but a feeble attempt by the small but enlightened coast states at settled administration along the river banks, and the development of an ever-growing half-breed empire in the very heart of the golden West."

A. P. MCMAHON

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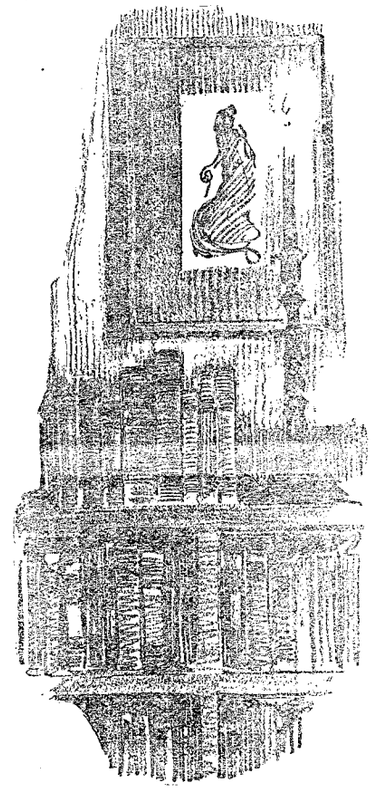

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An Adventurous Life

Roads of Adventure. By Ralph D. Paine. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

MR. PAINE does not hide the fact that he is a noted war correspondent, as well as the author of many books of short fiction, chiefly of the "founded-upon-fact" type, the official George Creel navy propaganda, a history of old Salem, an excellent survey of treasure-hunting. His memoirs imply a definition of success: a comfortable old age beginning rather early in middle life; and writing has plainly rewarded him, for he already looks back on the tumult of Cuba, China, and the other ends of the earth from a comfortable New Hampshire farm.

He went from college directly into the rowdy but respectable life of news-hunting. The great Hearst, then incipient, gave him a sword, "the hilt plated with gold and sparkling with small diamonds," to present to the Cuban General Gomez. This mission led him to the thick of the filibustering which served the double purpose of sustaining the Cubans while the ordinary vicissitudes of criminal trade aroused public indignation in the United States to the fighting pitch. He was a complacent outlaw until the Maine blew up, America responded, and war justified the filibusters. Then he drifted about Cuba with other journalists, cabling stories of the ideally staged military romance to the readers of morning and evening newspapers. There is a certain similarity in Mr. Paine's part in the Boxer affair, the gold excitement in New Mexico, and the Great War, as an actor plays "juvenile lead," for instance, in many plays.

The relation of the journalist to the arts is obviously the same as his relation to psychology, the social sciences, or the life of the common voting fighting man: the collection of exact data of human behavior, an honest simulacrum made up of the chaotic evidences of the senses; and it is the desire of Mr. Hearst and the earnest critic alike that this evidence should be taken upon all fields of existence. Manifestly the observations of creator or analyst, while more apt to his uses, require some supplement in the accumulated testimonies of thousands of other senses complementing each other, and at their best photographic; and it is upon this mass of fact that individual thought must operate. But the convulsion of war must end, and years of peace elapse after the contemporary nightmare of deceit and greed, before the journalist, like the diplomat, can find his profession respected. It has become clear that he can fail at moments of crisis to be photographic; and can adapt the minor mechanisms of art to cheat the poor, to hide rapacity, to arouse hate—in short, to serve a master whom it is criminal not to question.

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That the individual worked without ill-will or comprehension can lessen only slightly the general discredit. We have realized that only the artist ("for art's sake") can be relied upon to reveal that which exists faithfully, small part in his purpose as that may have: because he erects his pretensions farthest from pecuniary temptations; because he is trained to coordinate evidence and perceive analogies; and because the perfection of an exact means of communication between men is not merely his duty, but his delight.

Mr. Paine does not display excessively the defects of his profession. He is not an artless writer; and thinks often if not profoundly about this preoccupation with formal beauty to which has gone the residuary energy of the human animal at its purest and freest. Perhaps the fastidious Stephen Crane, a great artist, whom he sometimes saw in Cuba peering insatiably through the smoke and chaos, warned him of that which, for a few men, lies beyond. GLENWAY WESCOTT

Music

"Polly" and the British National Opera

HISTORY, it seems, can repeat itself in artistic as well as in human events. Two hundred years ago the success in London of "The Beggar's Opera" led its author to follow it up by writing "Polly, A Sequel," in order "to make hay while the sun shone." And two hundred years later, for the same reason and in the same city, "Polly" was again written, with the added interest of being actually produced. For Gay never saw his work on the boards. The success of its predecessor had been his undoing. Disappointed in his hopes at court, he had written "The Beggar's Opera" as a satire on the political party then in power, and Walpole's enemies had no difficulty in recognizing the Prime Minister and his followers in the highwayman, Macheath and his gang, or Walpole's wife and mistress in Lucy Lockit and Polly Peachum. Musically, it came as a protest against the Italian opera then in vogue, and had a profound influence upon musical life in England and the colonies for many years, as it was the forerunner of a long series of native works of like character. So great, indeed, was its popularity that, according to a recent editor, "the fashionable ladies of the day decorated their fans and the screens of their drawing-rooms with songs from the play." It did not lack opposition, however, for the Archbishop of Canterbury preached a sermon against it, and even some of the musical critics of the time did not hesitate to lay a subsequent wave of highway robbery to the popularity of the cutthroat Macheath. This condemnation was later to serve as a useful weapon in the hands of Gay's opponents, for while the Ministry thought it more prudent to ignore the satire and join in the general acclaim, Walpole had no intention of allowing a succeeding work at his expense. And so, when "Polly" was ready for production, he had it censored by his friend the Lord Chamberlain, on the ground of immorality. In vain did Gay's noble patron, the lovely young Duchess of Queensbury, plead for him with the king. She was only banished from court for her pains. She did, however, live to see its production fifty years later, long after its author was dead, but the work was a dismal failure, and was taken off, after a few performances. Gay was fortunate enough, though, to reap the financial reward of his labors, for there was such a large private subscription that he made even more than a successful production would have brought him.

The revival and rewriting of "Polly" today is again due to the phenomenal run of "The Beggar's Opera," which is now in its third year. Whether "Polly" will last as long is impossible yet to say. It opened with great eclat, and received an overwhelming outburst of praise, and it has been playing to crowded houses ever since. In many ways this is merited. It is an exquisite thing of its kind, but not as perfect as the original production, three years ago, of "The Beggar's Opera." The settings and costumes of the latter, designed by the late Lovat Fraser, were finer, the lyrics more varied, the artistry higher, especially the Macheath of Frederick Ranelow and the Polly of Sylvia Nelis, and the text and spirit were practically Gay's. The present text of "Polly" is almost entirely by Clifford Bax, only part of the first act being retained, and even in that the dialogue has been clipped and compressed. The general outline of the plot has been followed, except at the end, which omits the execution of Macheath and the subsequent marriage of Polly to the son of the Indian chief, and substitutes, instead, a sort of comic-opera happy ending. There is perhaps a little too much of the twentieth century comic *opera* rather than the eighteenth century *comic* spirit in this version, yet in spite of this, Mr. Bax has done his task unusually well, both from a literary and dramatic standpoint.

As a poet, his sensitive ear has caught the style and peculiarities of Gay as well as of his period, for out of the forty-two lyrics selected from the original seventy-one he rewrote twenty-four; and as a playwright he has given us a well-knit plot, crisp dialogue, and a delicious, satirical humor of his own that is a decided improvement on Gay's. One has only to compare it with the loosely constructed version of the latter's, with its dull, labored wit, and its long, tiresome speeches, especially those of the Indians, whose "noble sentiments" were supposed to be a reproach to the corruption then so prevalent in English social life, to appreciate how delightfully and how delicately Mr. Bax has accomplished his task. As to the music, one has only praise for Frederick Austen, not only for his arrangements of the folk tunes introduced, but for his own interludes. He has benefited by his experience with "The Beggar's Opera," and has treated the original melodies freely, yet in perfect keeping with the style of the period, so that the score is a delight from beginning to end. There were a few weaknesses in the cast, but the production itself was clever, and there was the added good fortune, for artists, orchestra, and public, of the musical direction being in the hands of Mr. Eugene Goossens.

A few weeks ago I heard one of the best performances of "The Valkyrie" that I can remember for many years. It was given by the British National Opera Company under the direction of Eugene Goossens and with a splendid cast. Walter Hyde was an especially fine Siegmund, and Florence Austral a vocally glorious Brünnhilde. Moreover, as the text was sung in English with perfect diction, and as Mr. Goossens allows his singers to be heard, one was relieved of the mental strain of continually guessing, or trying to remember just what each one was saying. Usually I feel like the little boy who, at a recent performance of "Hänsel and Gretel," said: "If the band would only stop playing, we could hear what they were singing." This company gives its whole repertory of standard Italian and German operas in English, and has met with huge success and interest throughout the country.

It is, as many doubtless know, a cooperative organization; for, when Sir Thomas Beecham abandoned all operatic enterprises a few years ago the members of his company, including the orchestra, got together, and raising the needed backing by private subscription started out for themselves. They give, annually, a twelve weeks' season in the provinces, and a winter and summer season in London, playing at popular prices, and to sold-out houses. Melba sang twice with them during the last week, and was so pleased with their work that she promises to raise a tour for them in Australia next year. They have splendid artists, but no better than what we could easily command, and I feel certain that what they are accomplishing could be done with equal success in America. The British public is no more musical than ours, and the field over here is comparatively small next to our own. If, as my friend, Mr. Guard of the Metropolitan, is continually reminding me, opera is "only a show," then it seems about time that the American public were able to enjoy a "show" of this kind in their native tongue, and at prices within their reach. We have plenty of splendid native singers, now. What they lack, however, is not artistry, but initiative.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

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Drama

Guitry

WE have no man of the theater like Sacha Guitry. Let us make no mistake. He is only a man of the theater; his plays are not great dramas born in the inner chambers of the mind, but entertainments suavely and elegantly put together in a studio that adjoins the greenroom. But that greenroom, that studio, and that theater are in a country where art is serious and taken seriously, where the artist is neither tolerated nor petted nor despised. He is a national asset and a national glory. His concerns are vital; the points of honor that arise in his work and his career are as fully understood and as carefully weighed as though he were a statesman or a physician. And it is this seriousness, this fine and genuine concern for the things of art and of the mind that always reconciles one in the end to the author of "Debureau," "Pasteur," and "The Comedian."

Unlike our mere writers for the theater, then, he has dignity. He achieves neither true grace nor true poetry. But he knows that grace and poetry exist and he pays them the homage of a sincere and not unskilful imitation. He is conscious of the great past of the literature of his country. 1830 has thrilled him. He has felt the winds of romance upon his face.

"Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
Me rendra fou."

For the madness of love and verse he is forced to substitute the ambitions and defeats of the mime. It is a poor substitution, but it is very earnest and sincere. If you cannot create great literature, it is something to know at least what it is like. Guitry's work is never more than an intelligent aspiration; it is never less.

In a good cause he is even willing to transcend himself—coldly, calculatedly, but with a very honorable intention. This is what he has done in "Pasteur" at the Empire Theater. Never did a man of the theater write a less theatrical play. He not only does not rearrange life for the sake of effectiveness; he does not rearrange it at all. Indeed he makes no attempt at interpretation. He is very humble and very prosaic. He celebrates Pasteur without understanding him. As in the case of poetry he worships outside of the shrine. He shows us a kind—rather sweetishly kind—hard-working, modest, occasionally irascible, elderly gentleman. He shows him in his laboratory, protesting to the Academy of Medecine, performing his first successful cure of hydrophobia, talking rather murkily about fermentation, loaded at last with honors and escorted, to the strains of the Marseillaise, by the President of the Republic. The scenes are quite undramatic, more like a pageant or a masque than like a play. We are asked to believe that a scientific intellect of the first order was lodged in the psychical make-up of the smallest conceivable *petit bourgeois*. Perhaps it was so. Then in this blending or discrepancy was the field for the dramatic imagination. Guitry has no inkling of that. His play says: See how little a great man can be! How encouraging that is to the rest of us, how soothing!

On his own art he has, of course, deeper perception, higher vigor, austerer ideals. The fable of "The Comedian" at the Lyceum Theater is both true and moving. To reaffirm his deeper vanity an actor of forty marries a girl of eighteen. She seems to be able to act. Like all amateurs she isn't bad at rehearsals. She ruins the public performance. The comedian finds his whole heart and future hopelessly at the hard, vain, shallow little creature's mercy. But he will not let her act again. He lets her go. He remains defeated, desolate, suddenly old. He has saved the integrity of his art. And he saves it, he makes his great decision, without grandiose gestures. There is little self-consciousness and almost no display. The drama is full of elegant trickery, of slightly spurious humor, of falsely poetic touches, of melodramatic moments. But again that fine respect for art, that last staunchness and honor and simplicity reconciles one. One is amused and touched and—not ashamed of it. The play is perfectly staged and directed by Mr. Belasco whose habitual moods and powers it suits admirably. Mr. Lionel Atwill is, as usual, very competent, very agreeable but quite uninspired. Mr. A. P. Kaye gives one of his rich and yet simple performances which are among the chief joys of the contemporary stage. Mr. H. Cooper Cliffe plays an old-fashioned comedy role with unction; Miss Elsie Mackay improves as the play proceeds and is remarkably telling and restrained before it is over. Of the performance of "Pasteur" little is to be said. The staging and the directing are adequate. Mr. Henry Miller has the personal plasticity of the distinguished actor. He would be one if, in addition, he would condescend to a diction that can be understood.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES—Brilliant and beautiful antidote for the over-intellectual.
MERTON OF THE MOVIES—Agreeable aspiration toward native satire.
THE LAUGHING LADY—Ethel Barrymore is herself again.
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International Relations Section

Italy's White Terror

DIRECT testimony as to Fascist rule in Italy has been slight. The people are terrorized, the opposition has been silenced, the radical press has been threatened or suppressed. Occasional newspaper stories, however, and a growing volume of private correspondence reveal that Fascist rule has not even achieved the enforced order that has been said to prevail. And the decrees of the Mussolini Government establishing "freedom of the press," "general amnesty," and so on are plainly for foreign consumption.

A few of the available fragments of information regarding Fascist rule we print herewith.

"Freedom of the Press"

The Italian labor paper, the *Martello*, published in New York City, prints in its issue of February 17 the following list of Italian papers suppressed or suspended by the Fascisti. The items were taken from various Italian bourgeois papers:

Umanita Nova: The offices of this newspaper were occupied by the Fascisti, who also prevented the publication of the daily in another printing shop. A few days ago Stagnetti, Lucchetti, Diotalley, and others were arrested. Malatesta's house was searched, and Turio, the business manager, was arrested.

The Libertario: In the Fascist days of last October the printing rooms and the library of the *Libertario* were destroyed. The fury of the new vandals has left nothing of the fruit of thirty years of patient work. The loss amounts to 300,000 lire. Our comrade Binazzi is in the hospital, the victim of an incurable disease. A policeman is at his bedside.

The Vespro, edited by Schicchi, had to suspend publication for many weeks.

The Avvenire Anarchico of Pisa has been suspended. The editor is in flight. The printing shop "Germinal" has been destroyed.

The Ordine Novo of Turin has had its offices occupied by the Fascist militia. It came out clandestinely for a time. On St. Bartholomew's night its editors and the business manager were arrested and threatened with death. All the machines were destroyed.

The Comunista has been suppressed. The day of the triumphal entrance of the Fascisti in the capital of Italy the premises were occupied and everything was destroyed. The editor-in-chief, Valmiro Tagliati, was about to be shot and had a narrow escape from death.

The Lavatore of Trieste has been the object of prosecutions of all kinds. Its correspondence has been intercepted, the printing room twice destroyed. All the editors were arrested for having sheltered Leonetti, of the *Ordine Novo*, who was wanted by the police. In spite of all this the Trieste newspaper comes out . . . whenever it can. [Since this story appeared the *Lavatore* has been finally suppressed.]

Libero Accordo is leading an uncertain life. Its editor, Temistacle Monticello, has been arrested, locked up at Regina Coeli. He does not know why.

The Aurora of Zinlianova has been suppressed, its editor, Lidio Ettorre, is being prosecuted, his house destroyed.

The Fuista of our comrade Sanchilli has been suppressed. And the list is much longer.

"The Right to Vote"

The Catholic newspaper, the *Domani* of Milan, recently printed the following article on the electoral situation in Italy:

Let us put an end to these elections, which in most cases are not worthy of their name.

We should like to address the Government, its most authoritative head, and the men who are part of it. And we should like to tell them: "You do not know what is happening in the towns of the Po Valley, of Emilia, of central Italy, every electoral Sunday. You receive the reports from the prefects who are nothing more than phonographs using discs imposed by a party. The prefects say: Order prevails everywhere; voters, 90 per cent; national party, victorious, majority and minority; city beflagged. But you can easily imagine that this is not the truth.

"There never was such degradation. He who wins knows what he has to do in order to win. No opponent has the courage to fight him and he readily sacrifices his dignity and individuality to intolerable violation for fear of being derided. This explains the unanimity of voters, the proportion of 90 per cent, the public order prevailing everywhere.

"But it is all degeneration, gentlemen of the government!

"How the elections are held in a small town is graphically described in one of the many letters we have received. The facts may be easily verified. A few days before election Sunday in the tiny village where organizations have been dissolved and social clubs closed or watched, the bosses of the Government Party give the following warning: 'Election Day is near. If you are a salaried man, remember that you must vote; if you fail you will be deprived of your job. If you are a business man, think of your window, which will be smashed if you abstain from voting. If you are an opponent, remember that we have clubs and castor oil. . . .' Nobody dares propose party lists. Socialists, liberals, and 'populari' (representatives of the Catholic Party) are excluded; the list is one, and all must vote for the government candidates. Those who stay away from the polls are immediately singled out and punished. Secret balloting is no more. . . . The modern election system has been radically changed. The booth in the election hall has disappeared. The ballot-box is in the center of the hall, watched by a president, who must not see what goes on. If he remembers that he is a magistrate and must supervise the election, he takes a grave risk of incurring the fate of sixty magistrates in Greco Milanese who were set upon by the mob and beaten.

"The voter who, aggrieved and humiliated, reaches the door of the election hall sees before him his witnesses, his judges, and his eventual executioners. The ticket is handed to him, and he hurries across the hall, his arm extended, to drop it into the box. His duty performed, the voter goes out, almost fleeing, and the next day he will hear the echo of the bacchanalia held by the victors, sometimes accompanied by bloody encounters."

An Appeal and a Warning

An appeal against the most flagrant abuses of the new regime has been received in the United States from the general defense committee of Rome.

Beloved Comrades: Every day free workingmen, who never fell back before the clubs and daggers of the Fascisti, are killed in the streets of Italian cities. And they are the most generous, the strongest—those who fall. Italy is becoming a cemetery. Our days are numbered. We are constantly watched, constantly insulted. Death is lying in wait at every corner. Good and strong Italian comrades of America, help us! Our defense is vigorous, but our efforts are futile. Still we must fight with new faith and energy.

Liberty for us is not a myth, it is something loftier and higher. We fight and are glad to die for our ideals. Even if our forces are weak we will be audacious, and face with admirable firmness the enemies of the proletariat. Death does not frighten us; but our dead are increasing every day. We are confronted by a pitiless, cruel, and bloodthirsty foe. Our

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comrades are slain in their homes. A few days ago Turin saw many terrible crimes. Thirty of our best, most noble comrades were killed in cold blood. They want to drown us in blood, all of us. When will this unequal struggle come to an end?

Italian and American comrades, the deadly ring around us is pressing closer and closer. Help! Help! We are alone, defenseless. Those who remain on the field, fighting with tremendous bravery, are few. This handful of heroes wants to give to the world an example of courage, of sublime abnegation, by defending to the last the conquests of civilization. Italy, the cradle of revolution, shall not be the bulwark of international reaction. . . .

American proletarians, you who represent a living and formidable strength, listen to the voice of the Italian revolutionists who are dying heroically on the field of battle. Prepare the arms for your great revolutionary offensive. Woe to you, woe to your women and children, if you do not resolve to rush to our rescue. The red flag of the working people must be firmly hoisted on the ivory tower of capitalism. Liberty, your liberty and ours, cannot be won by mere words, but by the applied strength of the powerful proletarians of the whole world. . . .

Terror and Torture

Personal testimony to individual cases of terrorism is daily smuggled out of Italy. We print below extracts from letters received by Italians in the United States from relatives in Italy. In each case the name of the recipient and the original text of the letter have been placed at our disposal for verification.

An Italian living in Morristown, N. J., received from his father a letter dated Genoa, November 27, 1922, containing the following paragraphs:

"Your mother is dead. The Fascisti killed her like a dog. On the evening of the 11th she was at home when she heard an explosion. She jumped up and rushed out in search of her son. The Fascisti were firing from every direction. Your brother would not listen to her and put on his blue shirt. . . . Your mother rushed out to shield your brother and was shot."

Torture by Castor Oil

The following letter was received by an Italian in Coaldale, Pa.:

"Dear Brother: On January 7 the Fascisti held in Orsogna their great feast. The mayor had left the town hoping to placate the two thousand beasts descending on Orsogna from neighboring places. His mother, a helpless old woman, was forced to drink castor oil. All the citizens were ordered to hoist the tricolor. My father-in-law, who was hesitating, was given five minutes' time under the threat of having his house destroyed. Men and women were made to drink oil."

Another letter describes similar treatment:

"A company of Fascisti, leaving Sulmona for Tastel di Sangro, committed all kinds of abuses. A squad went to Leontrone and compelled the school-teacher to follow it. He was dragged to the center of the square and forced to drink a quart of castor oil. They held him firm until it took effect and he was covered with excrement. When they let him go the poor fellow was more dead than alive. A railroad man was treated in the same manner. When the excrement covered him from head to foot he was dragged around and forced to cry: 'Long live Fascismo!'"

The Cost of Living

Another letter told of the effect of Fascism on taxes and prices:

"Do you remember we used to pay 25 centimes a month for electric light? For the last two months the bill for one lamp has gone up to 55 centimes. The company says that taxes have been increased and naturally the burden falls on us. On January 1, stamps will cost one lira for foreign letters, and ten centimes for domestic letters. This is what our Government is doing. It forces us to drink castor oil; it clubs, kills, and ruins us with taxes."

The Next Five Years of the Red Army

On the occasion of the fifth anniversary of the Red Army the following statement by Trotzky, published in the Moscow press on February 15, outlined the military plans of Russia for the next five years:

We are entering the second five years richly loaded with experience. What are the most important conclusions to be drawn from our past experience? What has constituted our strength, and wherein was our weakness? We must know our weaknesses in order to be able to move forward. . . .

Without enthusiasm and self-sacrifice there is no fight and no victory. But the army begins where these qualities are rationally organized and skilfully used. All our shortcomings in the field organization, training, and supplies we have met with the numbers of our reserves and the heroism of our vanguards. We will need numbers and heroism in the future too. But it is necessary to provide them with training and technique.

These are the two main channels along which our efforts will be directed during the next five years: personal and collective military training and military technique. We have reduced our army to six hundred thousand men. As compared with the dimensions of our country, with the numbers of the population, the length of the borders, and the number of possible enemies these are, in fact, cadres, not an army. Hence the task—to bring this army up, in training and education, to its role as vanguard cadres. To secure first-class division commanders, then chiefs of the divisions, well trained in every respect, in order gradually to bring the whole mass of the fighters up to the level of the training of the former sergeant—of course in accord with new conditions and the new structure of armed forces. This is not a utopian idea. The youth, not only the workers but the peasants as well, enters the army with a heightened perceptiveness. Old military men observe with amazement how rapidly the present-day Red Army youth becomes literate as compared with the recruits of the Czarist army. The awakened thirst for training, the increased psychic agility of the mass of the people are so far the main achievements of the revolution. On these achievements, as a basis, we will build now in every field. A rational system of preparation before actual service, together with a well-constructed system of training and education within the army, must secure us in the immediate future a marked improvement in the quality of the whole army, and through this, its ability to assimilate millions of mobilized men in a moment of necessity.

The second task is technique. What are the prospects in this respect? The Czarist government kept up its army to a considerable extent with the aid of foreign technique. This was in the nature of things, since the Czarist government entered into one of the groups of the so-called European balance of power. But we are looked upon by the bourgeoisie—with a certain justification—as violating and destroying every equilibrium in the capitalist world. Consequently we cannot count upon any direct assistance from capitalist Europe or America in developing our military technique. The more important, therefore, are our own efforts in this direction. Military technique is dependent upon economic technique. This means that any possibilities of marvelous progress in the field of armament and general provision of the army are excluded. Only systematic effort and gradual improvement are within reach of our possibilities. But this does not exclude considerable successes within a short period, at least in some of the most important fields. . . . Our task is to improve the military industry—without of course impeding the economic development as a whole; and within the military industry those branches must be particularly advanced which are of exceptional importance for us at present.

Such is, without doubt, aviation. This branch of the service must, during the next year at least, be made the center of attention of the whole country. This can be more easily accom-

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plished since in the field of aviation the purely military needs are closely and directly linked with the economic and cultural interests of the country. Aviation is the most advanced, the most modern means of conquering space. Its future is limitless. And it is necessary that our youth be imbued with the idea of the growth and development of air transportation. Our technicians, teachers, poets, and artists must become interested with it.

We are discussing the tasks of the army during the next five years. I do not think that there will be anybody who would reproach us for trying to look too far into the future. For it is quite clear: the Red Army will be necessary in a year, in two years, and in five years from now. The revolutionary development of Europe may, it is true, gain swift momentum after the present comparative lull. But it is also without doubt that the period of imperialist wars and revolutionary upheavals will go on not for months and years, but for decades, gripping the world after short breathing spells with always heavier and more painful convulsions. And if this is so we must prepare ourselves seriously, learn fundamentally, shoe our horses with reliable nails. The program of our work for the next years is defined by the experience of yesterday and the situation of today: *enthusiasm must be multiplied by art and numbers—by* technique. Then we shall conquer with "little blood."

Irish Republican Prisoners of War

A GROUP of Irish women, representing the Women Prisoners Defense Association, recently laid before Congress this "Statement from the Women of Ireland":

We come from Ireland to lay before you a statement of the result of the treaty forced on the Irish people a year ago by Great Britain, a treaty which instead of bringing peace has plunged our beloved country into civil war, for which England alone is responsible. . . .

For centuries Ireland has been called the Sorrowful Mother, and it is from the women of Ireland we come today, because her men who are fighting for freedom and peace are being executed, tortured, and imprisoned. In this even the personnel of the Anglo-Irish peace delegation to London was not immune. Erskine Childers, only a year ago chosen by the Irish people to negotiate peace, was executed because he refused to break his oath of allegiance to the Irish Republic, and another delegate, Robert Barton, is now in prison dying of tuberculosis.

All rules of international warfare have been ignored by the Irish Free State, which derives its authority from the King of England in carrying on this war against the Irish Republicans. The rules laid down by the Geneva convention (Article 10, Geneva, 1921) have been violated in spite of protests from the free nations of the world. The facts are briefly as follows:

1916—A rising of the Irish people when a republic was proclaimed, sixteen of the Irish leaders were executed, and hundreds imprisoned, including the President of the new Irish Free State. War to the end declared by the Irish people.

1918—Elections held in Ireland. Overwhelming majority vote themselves out of the British Empire and declare for an Irish Republic. The Irish Republican army pledges its support to the Dail Eireann (Irish Republican Government) and takes oath to support and defend the new republic.

1920—Elections all over Ireland forced by England on a Partition Act, to divide the country into a Northern and Southern government. Again there is a Republican victory, and an overwhelming vote for a united Ireland parliament.

1921—England admits defeat by calling a truce with the Irish people. Delegates were appointed to negotiate peace terms and given instructions to sign no document without first reporting back to the Dail Eireann.

Treaty signed by delegates under threat of "immediate and terrible war," Lloyd George declaring at 2 a. m. on the 6th of December that unless the treaty were signed that night England would renew again her terrible war. Two delegates, Robert Barton and Gavan Duffy, stated that they signed the treaty under duress.

Treaty ratified in the Dail Parliament under fear of renewed war, a large minority of deputies (64 to 57) and an overwhelming majority of the Irish Republican army refusing to break their oath to the republic, in order to take an oath to the King of England which was essential to acceptance of the treaty.

1922—Sinn Fein convention held in Dublin representing both parties—those who had accepted the treaty and those who had refused—to try and bring peace. Adjourned to May.

March—Army convention takes place. Split in the army.

May—Adjourned convention takes place and both sides make a pact that would have saved the country from civil war. They agree not to make the treaty an issue of the elections until the people have an assurance that their rejection of the treaty will not mean "immediate and terrible war." Pact formed for election on a coalition government. Republican army holds Four Courts as a guaranty for the pact. Pact signed by De Valera and Collins, and indorsed by Dail Eireann.

June (eve of election)—Pact broken by Michael Collins. He is then forced by the British Government to make war on Irish Republican army.

The battle of Four Courts takes place, and civil war is started just six months after the opening of peace negotiations. This war was declared at the orders of Winston Churchill, without the mandate of the people, and before even the new assembly had time to meet.

At the present time the most appalling conditions prevail in the country, and the extermination of the race is feared. There are now 11,000 Republican prisoners in jail, whose dependents numbering between 40,000 and 50,000 are destitute. There are also a number of women prisoners, including mothers taken from young children merely on suspicion. The relatives of prisoners are kept in ignorance of their fate, as they have been accorded no trial. Secret executions continue, the first intimation given to the relatives being an announcement in the public press that the execution has taken place. . . .

It is stated that 500 more executions may take place shortly. The press which urged on the execution of Captain Childers is employing the same tactics with regard to Eamon de Valera.

Deportations to unknown destinations take place daily, and husbands and wives are torn apart, the fate of the men being unknown to the womenkind.

The condition of the political prisoners is beyond belief in a civilized age. Overcrowding, filth, starvation prevail, while the secret torture of prisoners in order to obtain information shames medievalism.

Inspection of prisoners and places of detention has been forbidden to local authorities, and a sworn inquiry inaugurated by the Dublin municipal authorities has been suppressed by the Provisional Government.

We appeal therefore to you:

(a) To demand prisoner-of-war treatment (in accordance with the rules laid down by the convention of Geneva) during civil war in Ireland.

(b) To protest against the violation of these rules to the King of England and to the Irish Provisional Government, who are responsible for preserving the lives of the prisoners of war who fall into their hands.

(c) To make an effort at a lasting peace between the British and Irish people by asking the British Government to withdraw its threat of "immediate and terrible war" before the coming elections on the London treaty.

Erskine Childers in all his work believed that acknowledging the independence of Ireland must benefit both countries equally, as the principle, once established, would finally remove all cause for distrust and hatred and would create a real and lasting friendship. This is also our belief and hope.

WOMEN PRISONERS DEFENSE ASSOCIATION

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